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Little by little the life came back to the nerveless form of the prairie flower.

## THE RED MAZEPPA; The Madman of the Plains.

A STRANGE STORY OF THE TEXAN FRONTIER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN. Author of "Overland Kit," "Wolf Demon," "Ace of Spades," "Witches of New York," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII

RAISING THE DEAD. CROCKETT gazed earnestly into the face of the girl; there was no sign of life there, but his hand, pressed upon her little wrist, detected the faint throb that told of pulsa-

"Are you sure that she lives?" Gilbert asked, in doubt, for the face of the girl seemed to him to be the face of a corpse.

"Sartin—sure as shootin'," replied the hunter, confidently. "She's had an awful time of it, but she's worth a dozen dead gals yet. Jist place your finger on her wrist, hyer." Gilbert did so; the feeble throb convinc-

ed him that life was not yet extinct.
"If we had some spirits we might revive

her!" he exclaimed, anxiously.
"I'm your man!" cried Crockett, with a comical wink; "reckon I don't travel fur without a leetle drop of whisky, for fear of

Then from an inside pocket of his hunting-shirt the hunter produced a small flask covered with leather.

"Reg'lar old tanglefoot—bore a hole through a side of sole-leather!" he exclaimed in triumph. "This will fotch her quicker'n a wink; it's powerful revivin'. I say, Gil, if I ever go under in a tussle, jist put a bottle of this to my nose an' give me a smell; if I don't take a suck at it, you can bet I'm

a gone coon, for sure."

The hunter poured some of the liquor into the hollow of his hand, and bathed the girl's mouth and nostrils with it. Gilbert

The rigid face of the girl betrayed no sign of life. A look of amazement came over the bluff features of the hardy hun-

ter. "It don't fotch her worth a cent, by hookey!" he murmured in astonishment.
"Yet she is not dead."

"No, but she's so pesky nigh it, that she might almost as well be. Pour some of the whisky down her

"Easier said than done, Gil," Crockett said, with a shake of the head. "An alligator stickin' to a defunct colored individual isn't a circumstance to the way she's got her leetle teeth shut together.

"Let me force them open with the point of my knife!" the Mustanger exclaimed, kneeling by the side of the girl. "Her mouth ain't bigger 'n a rosebud, anyway," Crockett observed; "she's jist a reg'lar double-twisted screecher of a beau-

Daintily and tenderly the Mustanger lifted the girl from the body of the dead steed and held her in his arms. The shapely head with its great masses of coal-black hair, fine as silk and lustrous as polished ebony, lay motionless upon his breast. The great eyes were closed, but the long dark lashes that swept the bloodless cheek, gave visible pro-

mise of the wondrous beauty that was hid beneath. 'Ain't she a pictur'!" cried the hunter, in

admination. "She is, indeed, beautiful," the Mustangreplied; "but now let us try to restore her. See if you can not pry open her teeth with your knife, while I pour the whisky in. I feel sure that if we can succeed in getting a few drops down her throat, it will revive her."

"It's extreme enough to make a man for

"It's strong enough to make a man for-sake home and friends an' go an' climb a tree," Crockett observed with a grin as he passed the flask to the Mustanger. "I reck-on it would fotch me back if I had one foot on it would fotch me back if I had one foot in the grave an' 'tother was precious shaky. Talk 'bout chain-lightning, 'tain't a circumstance to this fluid. Why, a good strong pull at this would fotch a man right out of his boots an' make him feel as lively as a fat shoat with a 'painter' arter him; two pulls at it an' a feller would forgive his mother-in-law an' all the people that he owed."

"Quick! let us try its marvelous power on this poor girl," the Mustanger said, with an anxious glance into the motionless face. With a touch as tender as the young mo-

With a touch as tender as the young mother nursing her first-born, the rough hun-ter inserted the point of the broad-bladed hunting-knife in between the pearly teeth. Gently, but firmly, he forced them open. With a nervous hand Gilbert poured the

whisky into the little mouth; a dozen drops or so found their way in between the ivory barriers to the throat.

Crockett withdrew the knife and the lite ed; kneeling by the side of the girl, he e teeth again closed together. But as the waited for her to once again wake to contle teeth again closed together. But as the fiery liquor trickled down the throat of the girl, a slight, convulsive motion pervaded her frame. Slight as it was, it did not escape the keen eyes of the two men who, so tenderly, were trying to nurse her back to

life.
"It's a-goin' to fotch her!" Crockett cried, in triumph. "I reckon it would take the h'ar right off a b'ar's hide if you put 'nuff

"It has called back the life that I feared

was gone forever."
"Who, in thunder, do you suppose could have bound the gal on that hoss?" Crockett questioned.
"I can not guess," the Mustanger replied,

with a shake of the head. "I can not understand how any human being could have a hand in such a terrible deed." "Wa-al, somebody did it; the gal never tied herself on; there's some critters in this

world mean 'nuff to do any thing."

"From the fashion of her dress I should judge that the girl was an Indian, and yet her face is as nearly white as mine," the

Mustanger said. She's a half-breed." "Does not belong to a tribe, eh?"
"No; you kin tell that by her moccasins.
They're neither Comanche or Apache; bout the only two tribes that frequent these

hyer parts."
"Her pulse is beating faster; the whisky has revived her."
"Gin her another dose; hit her ag'in with it; I told you that it would fotch her!'

Crockett exclaimed, in triumph.

This time the aid of the broad-bladed knife was not needed, for the rigid muscles of the face had softened. A generous draft of the villainous liquor—for it was nothing better—the Mustanger poured down

Again the convulsive shudder shook her frame; but this time far more violent than

"I reckon that's kicking up a small yeathquake inside," Crockett observed, a look of profound wisdom on his face. "If that air gal's throat's got any bark left on the inside of it, I reckon it must be made of sheet-

Little by little the life came back to the nerveless form of the prairie flower.

"Bring me my blanket, Crockett, please,"
Gilbert said, when he noticed that the color was coming back to the white lips of the

Crockett unstrapped the blanket from the back of the saddle on the brown mare, and

brought it to the young man.

The Mustanger placed the blanket, all rolled up as it was, upon the ground by his side, and then carefully removed the girl's head from its resting-place in his lap and placed it upon the rude pillow thus afford-

Crockett, leaning upon his rifle, stood calmly regarding the two.

Slowly the great black eyes unclosed, and with a vacant stare the girl looked

"Oh, this terrible torture!" she murmured in tones so full of anguish that it stirred the hearts of the listeners with pain. It was evident that she did not realize that she was no longer on the back of the wild steed a helpless prisoner, borne onward with the speed of the wind to almost certain death. "Oh! Virgin Mother, save me from these

Again in her waking consciousness she saw the perils that had surrounded her fearful ride. Wa-al, the skunks that tied this poor

child on that hoss ought to be strung up to a tree so high that it would take a year to finish the job!" the hunter exclaimed in

"Hush!" Gilbert said, warningly.
The dark eyelashes swept the cheek for a moment, then again the brilliant eyes

The glance around now was one of won-der. The girl was amazed to find herself free. She looked at her wrists; the lashings were gone, but the purple marks—bracelets of bruises—told where they had out their way into the flesh.

Then for the first time her eyes fell upon the two men who were watching her so eagerly. In astonishment she gazed upon

them.
"North Americans!" she murmured, in an instant. And then she saw the lifeless form of the wild steed, the lasso still about

"Senors, you have saved me!" she ex-claimed in wild gratitude. "Oh! saved me from a torture worse than death it-

Then she essayed to rise, but she miscalculated her strength. The fearful ride had weakened every muscle in her form. She sunk back again, half-fainting.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WILD MUSTANGS. GLEBERT moistened her lips with the

powerful liquor again. The potent fumes restored her, and gratefully she looked up in the face of the young man.

"Oh, senors, I owe my life to you," she murmured, slowly. "Even now, when I think of the danger that is past, it makes me shudder."

"How came you in such a terrible plight, you escaped by a miracle only?" the Mustanger asked.
"I have bitter enemies," the girl replied, with a shudder, "and yet I have never wronged any one in all my life."
"Your enemies must be fiends to plan and

execute such a vengeance upon you," the Mustanger said, hotly. "I do not know why I am hated, and yet I am hated, bitterly," the girl replied, a sad accent in her voice. "They that hate me wish me dead. They sent me forth bound on the back of the wild steed to find a grave

on the prairie.' "You know who your enemies are then?"
"I can guess," the girl said, with downcast eyes, replying to the question of the

"Why not denounce them and have them justly punished for this terrible deed?" Gil-

"I am but a poor girl without friends; what can I do against my powerful ene-

"Without friends!" cried the young man, quickly; "no! you are wrong there. You are not without a friend while Gilbert the Mustanger lives.'

"That's so, by hookey!" the old hunter cried, heartily, "an' you kin count me in, too. I don't mind havin' a spoon in this soup as long as it's b'ilin', even if I do git my mouth burnt."
"Tell us who has committed this terrible

outrage, and we will do our best to right the wrong!" Gilbert said. "Tell you?" the girl said slowly, a strange

expression upon her features. "Spit it right out!" Crockett cried; "wake snakes! We'll make it hotter fur em than a cane-brake in July!"

"I can not tell you," the girl said, her eyes cast down, her voice low and trembling.
"You can not tell us!" Gilbert exclaimed,

in astonishment. "Don't be afeard, little 'un," Crockett said, encouragingly. "We're only two, but when we git into a quarrel with the right on our side we fly round jist like

"Did you not say that you knew who your enemies were?" Gilbert asked.

"Then, why do you wish to keep their names concealed?"

"I can not tell you that, either?" the girl replied, in great embarrassment. "Although they wished me to die by the most dreadful death that human mind can think of, yet I can not reveal who they are; I can not strike them in return."

The two Americans listened in amazement; they could hardly believe their ears. What motive could induce the girl to act in this strange manner? Such was the question that they put unto themselves, and which they were unable to answer. A shrill neigh of alarm coming from

Crockett's mustang attracted their atten-

tion. But, as they looked in the direction where the two horses stood side by side, they saw nothing to excite their alarm. The brown mare was leisurely cropping the grass, but the wiry mustang, with ears and nose extended, facing to the west, seemed

"What is the matter with your horse, Crockett?" Gilbert asked. ockett?" Gilbert asked. "Danger," replied the hunter, laconically.

Then he turned to the west, where the sun was sinking in a blaze of glory. Gilbert

followed his example.

Far off on the line of the horizon was a small drove of horses, some dozen or so in number. They were in rapid motion, not heading exactly for the spot where the little group stood, but bending off in a line to the

I see; a drove of wild mustangs," Gil-

'Exactly; only that every mustang carries a painted Comanche imp," the hunter

replied, dryly.
"What?" exclaimed the Mustanger, in astonishment, bending an earnest gaze upon

"Fact, by hookey! that little cuss, Jerusalem, kin smell an Injun five miles off, an the top off of any red-skin's head that came within reach of his heels ary day in the week. Do you s'pose a drove of mustangs would head toward us and our scent goin' right down to 'em on the wind? not a mite! they'd dust t'other way quicker'n a wink. It's the old Comanche dodge, a hidin' behind their hosses; when they git near enough, we'll see a moccasined foot over the mustang's back an' a painted face looking out under the hoss's neck. I know 'em from daylight to darkness, the painted sarpints." We had better seek cover, then!" Gil-

"That knot of timber thar will do," the hunter said, pointing to some half a dozen scrubby oaks that grew together, surrounded by a fringe of bushes. "Take the gal up in your arms an' let's git. They're

coming on mighty rapid."

With the hardy men of the border to think was to act. Gilbert lifted the almost helpless girl in his arms and followed in the footsteps of Crockett.

The girl had overheard the conversation and fully understood the danger that threat-

The little clump of timber was reached. The stunted trees covered a space, perhaps ten feet across, not over that.
With a shrill whistle the Mustanger called

his horse. The well-trained beast understood the signal and came at once. The mustang was not slow to follow. 'Better make the hosses lay down behind

these bushes," Crockett said; "that will screen them a little. The red imps will go for the beasts the furst thing."

The horses thus disposed of, the two examined their weapons and prepared for the

coming danger. The Americans were well armed, a rifle

and a brace of double-barreled pistols apiece, besides their hunting-knives.

"We'll have ten cracks at 'em, an' there's only 'bout a dozen of 'em in all," Crockett said, watching the approach of the foe.

The mustangs came on rapidly. So well were the Indian warriors concealed by their tends.

steeds-for the guess of the wily hunter was right, each horse bore a painted chief—that one not used to the prairie would never have guessed that he looked upon aught else but a drove of wild horses. As the mustangs came within half a mile

of the little group of timber that sheltered the whites, they slackened their pace into a walk. One or two bent down their heads and appeared to be cropping the prairie grass.
"See the cunning of the sarpints!" cried Crockett, pointing to them. tice that they're gittin' nearer an' nearer, while they pretend jist as if they didn't

know that we were hyer at all?" "I think that gray mustang is within range," Gilbert said, after a careful glance; suppose you try a shot on him, just to let them see that we have penetrated their de-

All right: I'll have to fire at the hoss for the red imp don't show hide nor ha'r," Crockett replied. "Be ready with your piece, in case they make a dash at us arter

If you could succeed in disabling one of them, it would render the rest less

They're p'ison sarpints: they're as patient as a wolf, an jist as merciles Crockett observed, with a shake of the head The gray mustang that Gilbert had referred to was approaching slowly with a sideway motion

Carefully Crockett leveled his long rifle, and glanced his eye along the shining tube I think that I kin see the red imp's hand ripped in the mane, but I ain't sure. Guess I'll tumble the beast over, an' trust to luck for the animile to fall onto the imp, an'

I'm ready for them in case they make a dash after you fire," Gilbert said, placing his rifle, ready cocked, across his lap The hunters were reclining on the ground,

concealed by the fringe of bushes. The girl had been placed in the center of the timber. Anxiously she watched the movements of her protectors. She had but escaped from one danger to be threatened

by another. Slowly and carefully Crockett drew "bead" on the mustang. At last the ham-mer fell, and the ball sped on its way.

The savage dreamed not of danger, for he little thought that he was within rifle The sharp, whip-like crack of the rifle broke on his ears, and then the mus tang tumbled with him to the ground.

#### CHAPTER X. THE ATTACK.

THE rifle-shot produced a wonderful effect. It not only tumbled the gray mustang to the earth, but it placed a painted warrior with brandished weapon on the back of each steed. With howls of rage they dash ed onward, hawk-like, at one swoop to exterminate the daring foe.

Ten yards of ground had the mustangs covered in their onward rush when a second rifle-crack rung out on the prairie air, cutting in upon the Indians' war-whoops

A brawny chief, leading the advance reeled in his saddle, shook his feathered lance wildly in the air, clutched convul-sively at vacancy, and then rolled to the ground, striking with a heavy thud.

He was dead-shot through the heart by the rifle-ball of the Mustanger. As the first shot had seemed to call the chiefs, like so many weird phantoms, into sight, so at the second shot they vanished is suddenly as they had appeared.

And now a little white smoke curling up lazily on the air, floating over the prairie island, and entangled in its boughs; a huscular chief, with massive face and brawny chest, gayly decked with the war-paint, lying prone on the grass, his stern features glaring haughty defiance at the sky, and the scarlet life-blood welling slowly from a little wound in his breast, just over his heart; a group of

in his breast, just over his heart; a group of wild mustangs forging slowly in a half-circle to the northward, bearing always away from the prairie island, the covert of the hunters; and that was all.

One sign of life alone on the prairie: a bruised and battered warrior dragging himself from beneath the body of the gray mustang, and seeking shelter in the long grass.

grass.
The first shot, all life; the second, the stillness of the grave.

Quickly the two recharged their pieces.

"We've slightly astonished the durned cusses," Crockett observed with a dry chuckle. "Lordy! I thought that they were goin' to ride us right down, they came

on so pesky savage,"

"They evidently have not been used to dealing with men like ourselves," Gilbert replied, with a quiet smile. "It is possible that it is the first time they ever heard the crack of a Kentucky rifle."
"You drilled a hole through that fellow

as slick as a whistle." 'See! they have gathered together

again."
"Yes, an' taken precious good keer to git
out of range of our fire," Crockett remarked, surveying the Indians.
As he had said, the Comanches had betaken themselves off to a safe distance, and resuming their saddles, were apparently

busy in council. They seem to be holding a consultation "Plannin' some deviltry, or my name ain't Davy Crockett!" cried the hunter, em-

phatically.

"It will soon be dark," the Mustanger said, after a glance at the western skies where the purple clouds hung heavy and

'An' the moment that darkness kivers us in, they go fur us tooth an' nail."
"If there is a warrior to each horse, there is but twelve of them, and we have already disabled two—for I judge that the fellow who rode the gray mustang won't have much stomach for fighting, as I hain't seen him since the horse fell, and so I judge that he is badly hurt—there is but ten of them for us to encounter," Gilbert said, thought-

"An' if we kin wipe out two more, t'other eight will think twice afore they go fur

Then from the group of Indian horsemen came a single rider. He was a young chief mounted on a fiery white mustang of sur-

passing beauty.

Boldly he urged his horse on until came, as he judged, within range of their fire. Then he reined in his horse and extending his arms, showed that he was wea-

"He wants a talk," Crockett said. The hunter had drawn a "bead" on the chief, and his finger played nervously with the

Well, let us hear what he has to say," the Mustanger replied.
"I could put a ball through him so quick that he'd never know what hurt him, Crockett muttered.

"No, no, Dave; that would be unfair!" Gilbert cried. "He is a bold fellow; he trusts to our honor, let us not deceive him." "Right, by hookey!" Crockett exclaimed, instantly dropping the butt of the rifle from his shoulder. "I reckon the red imp would go for us, though, if he got the chance—

honor or no hono "That is possible; but we as white men ought to set him a good example." I'd rather set a bullet in 'tween his ribs,'

the hunter said, with a growl.
"I'll step forward and speak to bim; cover him with your rifle for fear of treach-

ery."
"Don't you be afeard!" Crockett exclaimed. "If he lifts his little finger I'll plug a hole through him so quick that he'll think Then laying aside his rifle, Gilbert stepped forward into the open prairie. Like the

savage he displayed his open palms, as assurance that he was unarmed. The Indian dismounted from his horse

and approached the American The two met just about half-way between the prairie island and where the Indians sat like statues upon their wild steeds. The Mustanger and the Comanche chief faced each other. A moment they looked,

The Comanche chief was the famous warrior, the White Mustan The Indian was the first to speak.

curiosity in their faces.

"Wah! the red-man is glad to see his white brother, although he has stricken one of his braves to death with the long rifle that carries the little ball."

'Why does the Comanche chief dash on his white brother as the hungry wolves on the wounded buffalo? The prairie is wide there is a track to the north, another to the south. Let my red brother take either, and the long rifle will not speak," replied the Mustanger, speaking in the Indian fash-

"The white chief speaks well. Young hand—old head." And then the warrior drew himself up proudly. "On the prairie there is but one road for the Comanche chiefs straight forward, whither they list. white brother has no business on the prairie. It belongs to the Indians. Let him keep to his walls built out of mud. Here the Indian is chief. If a snake gets in the path of a Comanche he walks over it."

"And if the snake bites the heel of the chief, let his brothers not howl that he dies," replied the Mustanger, significantly. The White Mustang would not howl if he stood at the torture-stake and the flames

were eating his heart out!" exclaimed the Indian, proudly.
"The White Mustang—chief of the Comanches?" questioned Gilbert, somewhat

astonished at the youth of the warrior. The chief has said—he can not lie like a white snake."

"No, nor fight like one!" cried Gilbert, scornfully. "The Comanche is a coward who hides behind a horse

When the White Mustang speaks he says something. Squaws talk-warriors act," the Indian replied, calmly, although the angry veins were swelling in his tem-ples. "My white brother is the horse-taming chief who come with the sun—far off? Yes," Gilbert replied, wondering at the

knowledge of the Indian.

A moment the Indian looked at the Mustanger and measured him from head to foot. Gilbert could not guess the meaning of the

"My white brother is young—squaw away off?" and the chief pointed eastward. "No," Gilbert replied, utterly in the dark as to the meaning of the strange question. "Why does white brother stay here? bet-ter go home. The white chief will lose his

scalp if he stays on the prairie."
"Will the chief take it now, or wait until he wins it?" the Mustanger asked, sareasti-

cally.

"If the Comanche pleases he can take the scalp now, but he does not care to harm the white chief if he will promise to go back to his own land straight. If not, let him sing his death-song."
Gilbert was sorely puzzled; what possible interest could the Comanche chief have

in his departure. in his departure.

"When the white chief gets ready, he will go, not before. His scalp will never dry in the smoke of a Comanche wigwam."

A moment the White Mustang glared upon the American, then, suddenly, with a panther-like bound, he sprung upon him. (To be continued—commenced in No. 102.)

## The Dark Secret: The Mystery of Fontelle Hall.

BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON.

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE ACTRESS AND THE EARL. "Do not spurn me in my prayer,
For this wand'ring ever longer, evermore,
Hath overworn me;
And I know not on what shore
I may rest from my despair,"
—E. H. Browning.

That cry drew every eye to their box, and an angry murmur of "Shame!" ran through the house at the interruption. But heedless of all—of every thing save the actress before them, Mr. De Vere and Lord Earnecliffe stood still, gazing upon her with eyes wild with surprise, not unmixed with a sort of horror at this apparition from the dead. Augusta, too, had seen her, and sunk back with a low cry, while Orrie leaned over the box with the loud exclamation:

'Oh, grandpa! it's Miss Jack! it's Miss Jack

For one moment, the clear, bright, penetrating eyes of Lelia, the actress, were raised—those dark, clear eyes Disbrowe knew so well; but there was no recognition in their depths, and dropping them again, she went on with her role

All eyes were still bent on their box in surprise and curiosity, to the great annoy-ance of Mrs. Tremain and her daughter, who were lost in wonder at this singular who were lost in wonder at this singular scene. Lord George, too, stared with all his eyes, evidently debating within himself whether he had not secured a party of lunatics that day from Disbrowe Park. Norma was the only one of the party who seemed to understand it; and there was a malicious smile sparkling in her eyes and malicious smile sparkling in her eyes and hovering around her lips, only partially concealed by the fan she held before her face.

"I say, Earnecliffe, old fellow, this won't

"I say, Earnechne, old fellow, this won't do, you know," said Lord George, in a low voice, touching his arm; "everybody's looking at you. Sit down—can't you?" "By heaven! it is her! Herself," cried Disbrowe, passionately. "Living or dead, it is Jacquetta!" "My lord sit down I becook you! My

"My lord, sit down, I beseech you! Mr. De Vere, my dear sir, pray sit down," entreated Mrs. Tremain.

Mr. De Vere sunk back with a groan.

"Oh, my God! can the grave give up its "Eh? What?" cried Lord George.
"What is he talking about? The old gent's
mad, Norma; mad as a march hare." You may find there is method in his

Lord Earnecliffe, do be scated: you are disturbing the audience."

Disbrowe passed his hands across his eyes. as if to dispel a mist; and then seizing his

hat, turned to go. "My lord, where are you going?" said Lord George, startled by his wild looks.
"To Jacquetta! Living or dead, she is mine, and I claim her! Let me go.

He broke from him, mingled with the crowd, and disappeared. The face of subbewilderment and dismay which Lord George turned to his wife, at any other time would have thrown her into convulsions of laughter; but now some nervous feeling of anxiety for Disbrowe restrained all inclination for mirth

You had better follow him, George. Do go after him," she cried, anxiously. "Follow him! Why, where the dev—I beg your pardon, Lady Austrey; but upon soul, this is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of! Now, what do you suppose has got into that good youth, and this nice old American here, to set flaring up in this fashion at sight of Lelia? Where is he gone?"

"To the green-room. Oh, George! do go after him; you have the entree—have you

Yes; but what am I to do when I get there? "Oh, any thing-nothing-I don't know. I wish you would go, anyway. Do go,

"Most decidedly I'll go, my love. I hope I know my duty as a married man too well to refuse you any thing. And as this over-whelming mystery is not to be explained, I presume I must trust to my own native genius and ingenuity for finding it out. Au voir. I'm off.

And opening the door, he disappeared among the crowd, leaving Mrs. Tremain and her daughter completely at their wits

Passing hastily through the crowd, Lord George wended his way to the green-room by a side-door; and, on entering, saw his friend in violent altercation with the mana-ger. Lord Earnecliffe was passionately exited, his face deadly pale, his eyes wild and fierce, and his whole appearance so com-pletely changed from the languid, indolent being he had seemed scarce an hour before that it is no wonder Lord George stood for moment undecided whether it was his

friend or somebody else.
"I say, Earnecliffe, what the foul fiend are you raising such a row for? Mr. Maxwell, what's up

"Your friend, my lord, insists on seeing Lelia; and it is contrary to her express command to admit any one. I am really very sorry; but I assure you, it is quite im-possible," said the manager, bowing depre-

With a fierce exclamation of angry impatience, Disbrowe turned to Lord Austrey.
"I tell you, sir, I will see her, in spite of

all the managers from here to the Antipodes. I must see her, or I shall go mad!"

"Faith, I think you are that already! What, in the name of all that's absurd, has

What, in the name of all that's absurd, has come to you, Earnecliffe? What do you want to see Lelia for?"

"I know no Lelia! I came to see Jacquetta De Vere; and see her I will, in spite of earth and Hades!"

"Who the demon is she? Oh, the man is mad—that's flat! Maxwell, you know I am a personal friend of Lelia's, and privileged to see her at any time. Will you tell her I wish to see her now?"

"Certainly, my lord, I have no doubt she will see you," said the manager, hasten-Now, Earnecliffe, what is the matter?

What in the world has come over you all of a sudden ?" "I can not tell you—I can not tell whether I am sane or mad. Do not ask me, for I can not talk to you now." A desperate gesture, as he strode up and down, spoke more

Lord George looked at him, and indulged in a long, wailing whistle, that plainly spoke his conviction that his unhappy young friend's brain (if he ever possessed such a thing,) was completely turned. At the same

moment the manager appeared.

"My lord," he said, turning to Lord George, "Lelia has just left the stage; and as she does not appear in the next scene, she will see your lordship now. Will you please to step this were."

to step this way?"

Disbrowe started up to accompany him, but Lord George interposed.

"Not now, my dear fellow! Wait until I return; and if my eloquence has any effect

on Lelia, she will see you."

He followed the manager as he spoke; and Disbrowe was left pacing up and down, with a burning heart and a whirling brain, still striving to persuade himself this was all the wild delirium of a dream. Jacquetta alive and well! Oh, he must certainly be

The return of Lord Austrey aroused him, and he looked at him with eyes full of devouring impatience. "Well?"

"Well, I have seen her, and she will see you after the play; so rein in that mad impatience of yours until then. How you are going to apologize for intruding upon her, I don't know. She smiled when I told her the state of mind her appearance had thrown

you into."

Disbrowe still strode up and down, like one possessed. Lord George threw himself into a chair and looked at him.

"My dear fellow, what a treasure you must be to your bootmaker, if you are in the habit of taking such severe turns as this! 'Pon my honor! I would give all the spare change I have about me, to know what has come to you so suddenly. Won't what has come to you so suddenly. Won't you go back to the theater and see the play

No--it would drive me mad to look at her there again !" exclaimed Disbrowe, vehemently.

Lord George stared, and indulged himself

in a low, hysterical whistle.

An hour and a half dragged on their endless length before the drama was ended Disbrowe had wrought himself up to a perfect fever of impatience, when the manager approached them and announced the coming

And even as he spoke, she stood beside them, looking at Disbrowe with her large, calm eyes. Those eyes! what a spell they cast over him, calming down his mad fever of impatience like ice cast on fire! Those clear, bright, penetrating eyes, with their infathomable depth of mockery, how well he knew them! Those short, bright, clustering curls-that round, white, boyish browthose sweet, beautiful lips, that small, grace-ful form, how well—how well—he knew them all! It seemed but yesterday since he had bidden her farewell in the parlor of Fontelle Hall--forever, as he thought; and

now they stood face to face again!

"Jacquetta! Jacquetta!" he passionately cried, "have we met again?"

She glanced at him with her calm eyes, and drew back in haughty surprise. "My lord, what does this mean?" she

said, turning to Lord Austrey.
"Are you mad, Earnecliffe? What the foul fiend do you mean with your 'Jacquetta?" said Lord Austrey, in a fierce whisper. Then aloud: "Madam, will you excuse my friend? Unless he has suddenly gone crazy I do not know how to account for this Allow me to present him: Lord Earnecliffe Madame Lelia

She bowed, and the faintest, strangest smile went wandering around her lips. That smile! had he not seen it a thousand times before? He passed his hand across his brow, like one bewildered.
"Am I sane or mad? Can the dead have

risen again? Madam, for heaven's sake answer me, before I go wild-were you ever called Jacquetta?' She came over, and held out her hand, with the old, bright, half-mocking smile.

Yes! And so cousin Alfred has not forgotten Jack De Vere?" He took her hand and tried to speak, but sudden faintness came over him, and,

a chair My lord, he is fainting!" she cried, in alarm He made a faint motion with his hand. 'No-it is nothing. A glass of water-

deadly pale, he sunk mute and voiceless into

She caught it from the manager's hand and held it to his lips. He drank it off, and catching both her hands in his, looked up in the bright, beautiful, smiling face, with such a strange, troubled, yearning gaze!
"Well, my lord, you will know me the
next time, that is certain. Had you not

better let go my hands?" 'Oh, Jacquetta! Jacquetta! is this really

Well, I am rather inclined to think so. Do I not look substantial enough? And she laughed as she released her hands. "Oh, Jacquetta! I thought you were

A dark shadow passed over her face, a strong shiver passed through her frame, and she turned away with a passionate gesture.
"Oh, that dreadful death-sleep! that ter-

rible vault! that awful awakening! God grant I could forget it!"

She put her hands over her face for a moment, and then dropped them-calm once more. He started to his feet, a new light dawning upon him.

"Then you were not dead-only in trance? Jacquetta! Jacquetta! was it so?"
"Even so, my lord." "And then—good heavens! you were buried alive?"

"Yes," she said, with another strong shudder.

shudder.

"Great heavens! And how were you saved from your awful fate, Jacquetta?"

"God lives!" she said, looking up reverently. "And the same power that once saved Daniel in the lion's den, Jonah from the depths of the sea, saved Jacquetta from the light tent." her living tomb."
"But how—who—Mr. De Vere did not

"No; but what can it matter to you, lord earl?" The old look of cold hauteur passed over her face, and she turned away with a small, impatient motion.

"Oh, Jacquetta!" he reproachfully cried.
"Well, my lord."
"My lord! This from you? It was Al-

"That time has passed, my Lord Earne-cliffe; and you had better forget it ever ex-isted. It is not fraught with such pleasant reminiscences for either of us."

"Forget it? Never, while life remains! Oh, Jacquetta! you are free now; may I

"Lord earl, you forget yourself!" she imperiously cried. "Hope for nothing from me! Jack De Vere is Jack De Vere still!" "Thank heaven for that! Look on this, Jacquetta, and see if you know it yet."

and opening it, disclosed a small piece of paper on which a few faint pencil-marks still lingered. She took it; and up over her neck, face, and brow flushed a hot, crimson "My lord! my lord!' she cried, in a choking voice, "I have not deserved this! I was insane when that was written."

"Then, let me hope you are insane still.
Oh, Jacquetta! my life! my love! my hope! do not retract what you once wrote here. Tell me you love me still!" "Lord Earnecliffe, do you dare to speak

thus to me? Do you forget the secret of that lonely room in old Fontelle?" "Then, you do not know? Oh, Jacquet-

ta! he is dead!" "Dead!" she cried, with a start, turning first red and then ashen white. "Oh, Alfred! I never heard this." "He has been dead nearly a year now.

You are free—free as air, Jacquetta! My heart, my hand, my fortune—my very life, lies at your feet. Oh, Jacquetta! speak, and tell me I may live."

She looked at him with a strange glance,

she looked at him with a strange glance, and her cold look softened a little as she saw his eager, wild, passionate gaze.

"Then you have not forgotten Jacquetta yet, my lord?"

"Forget you! Oh, Jacquetta! sleeping or waking, night or day, you have never for one instant been forgotten."

"You are blessed with a good memory, Lord Earnecliffe; and yet there is one little."

Lord Earnecliffe; and yet there is one little circumstance you have ceased to remember for a moment. Allow me to remind you: you are a belted earl, and I am-Lelia, the

That drawing up of the small, delicate figure—that proud lift of the head—that clear, bright flash of the dark eyes—that

scornful curl of the shut upper lip—what a world of pride they betrayed!

"Neither you nor I care for that one straw—one whit! Wealth and rank are straw—one whit! Wealth and rank are but a name, and mockery, when put in competition with your love. You are not Lelia, the actress, to me; you are Jacquetta—my Jacquetta—my liege lady—my darling—the one love of my life! Oh, Jacquetta!"

"Softly—softly, my dear lord. What a gale you do get into for a trifle!" (And the providing smile of other days broke over

provoking smile of other days broke over her pretty face.) "Let us talk this small matter over calmly, sensibly, and leave out all transports for the present. There are am Captain Nick Tempest's daughter!"
Disbrowe was provoked by this off-hand

way of doing business, and exclaimed, im-"What the deuce do I care! I don't want to marry Captain Nick Tempest! Oh, Jacquetta!"

"There! you are at it again! How often have you said that during the last ten minutes? So you are willing to forget every "But that I love you more than life. Jacquetta—Jacquetta! you are torturing me. Speak, and tell me—am I to live or

She looked in his eyes-in his flushed, eager, impassioned face, so bright and beautiful in its fervent pleading—and she read there the strong, undying love that was to bless her whole life. A soft, tender smile bless her whole life. A soft, tender smile came to her lips, something like a tear to

her eye, and, laying her small, white hand in his, she said, brightly: "Live, my lord! Forever and ever Jacquetta is yours!"

Well, good reader, are you on the qui vive for what came after that! If you are, and expect a glowing description of Lord Earnecliffe's transports, I am sorry to disappoint you. The fact is, it is very tantalizing either eading or writing of such things thing like being hungry, and looking in a pastry-cook's window when you have no money in your pocket. Just imagine, my dear gentleman friend, how you felt when "your own Mary Ann" said something similar, and multiply that by a thousand fold, and you will have a pretty good idea of how Lord Earnecliffe felt at that moment. It was one of those brief, blissful instants of unmitigated sunshine that shine on us so rarely—more's the pity—in this life; and two of the wanderers in this vale of tears were, for the time being, perfectly

and completely happy.

But Lord Austrey! What words can paint the astonishment, amazement, not to say horror, of that young Briton at hearing and seeing all this! The whole English language would have been inadequate to the task of expressing his feelings. So, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he began whistling, with the most piercing emphasis, "God save the King.

Jacquetta looked at him, and laughed.

"You think us crazy-do you not, my "Well, really," said Lord George, polite ly, "I am not prepared to say exactly that you are; but my private conviction is some one of us three is an idiot. W

one it is, I am not at liberty to say. "Come, George, my dear old fellow," ex-claimed Disbrowe, laying a hand on either shoulder, "wish me joy! I fellow in the whole world!" I am the happiest

"Oh, are you? Well, of course, you ought to know best; but I'll be hanged if I can make head or tail of this whole mat-

All in good time, my boy! Jacquetta, will you not come with us to-night?



gusta, and Orrie, and Mr. De Vere are

'I know-I saw them. No, not to-night, Alfred. I have given you my address; come, the whole of you, to-morrow. I am not quite calm enough to see them to-night. Oh, Alfred! it all seems like a dream to

"Thank Heaven, it is a reality! But, first, Jacquetta, will you not tell me how you were saved?"

"Simply enough. My father—Captain Nick Tempest—saved my life." "He! How?"

"It appears he was at Green Creek when I was removed; and, upon his return, was furious to find what Mr. De Vere had done. At first, he was for going to Fontelle, and making a scene with Mr. De Vere; but Grizzle prevailed upon him to take a more prudent course, and substitute cunning for violence. He came to Fontelle that night, saw old Tribulation-poor Aubrey's nurse -and, through her means, obtained the key of the vault, entered, and found me-

Heavens! what a situation for you!" "I had scarcely time to realize my situathat scarcery time to realize my situa-tion; for I had just awakened from my deathlike sleep—my trance, or whatever you may call it; and Captain Tempest, who can be cool and self-possessed in a crisis, made no to-do about it, but carried me off, got me on board the 'Fly-by-Night,' where, by the aid of his surery both. by the aid of his surgeon, before morning Jacquetta was herself again!"

"How strange and terrible! I have often heard of such deadly sleeps before. Good heavens! if he had not come, what a fate

might have been yours!"
"We will not think of it. Heaven was merciful. Do you know, that all the time I lay there for dead, I heard and understood every thing that passed? I knew you watched by my side all that long, sad night I knew they were going to bury me; but I could not utter a word, nor make the faintest motion. Life was suspended, seemingly; yet, oh! how vividly it all comes back to me now! I suffered an age of agony in those few hours?"

"My poor Jacquetta! my own darling! To think there should have been such a strange destiny keeping us apart in this way! Truly, this world is full of paper walls."

"We have broken them down at last. Jacquetta and Alfred stand on equal terms now—do they not?" she said, with a smile. "Heaven be praised—yes! But, tell me, how came you to seek the stage?"

"It was my destiny, I suppose. I was made to be an actress, and not a countess. However, I suppose I must submit. Captain Tempest—I can not call him father, somehow—and I came to understand each

tam Tempest—I can not call him father, somehow—and I came to understand each other pretty well before our journey's end. Alfred, they say the demon is not so black as he is painted; and I found Captain Tempest any thing but the ferocious monster he was represented. He saw we could not get on together, and he agreed to let me go through the world my own way. So we parted—he for Cuba and I for France; and parted-he for Cuba, and I for France; and since then, we have never met. I took my own name, and was successful, as you know. I met Lady Austrey abroad, and came with her to England."

"And that reminds me! How in the world came you and Norma ever to know each other?"

She laughed, and her eyes sparkled.
"What great stupid things these lords of creation are. So you really can not sus-

"Upon my honor I can not."
"Then I shall not tell you—perhaps Nora may some day. But tell me, Alfred, how is Augusta? I saw her in your box, looking like a living skeleton

"Yes; she is dead in life."
"My poor, poor sister. Have they discovered the source of this mysterious sor-

row of hers yet?"
"I have; she told me in confidence, and I believe it has no real foundation whatever; yet you see it is wearing away her life. What a pity we can not all be happy in this

world—as happy as I am."
"I don't know as you have any great cause for happiness after all. I am not

much of a treasure for any one. But now you positively must go, Alfred; and listen; bring Orrie with you when you come tomorrow. I wonder if Mr. De Vere will give her to me now?"

"He shall. The Countess of Earnecliffe shall claim her own child. She know you

"He shall. The Countess of Earnechife shall claim her own child. She knew you the moment she saw you, Jacquetta."
"I am glad!—I am glad! Oh, Alfred! how my heart has yearned for that child—almost as much," she said, with a smile, half sad, half gay, "as it has for somebody else. And now, Lord Austrey, good-night; remember me to her ladyship, and tell her her prophers has come true."

What was that?" said Disbrowe, curiously.
"Never mind. I will tell you some day.
Good - night, Alfred — good - night, my She turned to go. Disbrowe took a step

Not with this cold parting, surely, Jac-

"Keep the feast till the feast day," laughed Jacquetta. And with a wave of her hand and a bright, saucy glance, she was

gone. (To be continued—commenced in No. 87.)

## Uncle Egbert's Heir.

BY S. J. CURTISS.

WANTED.—An experienced seamstress at Oak Lawn, Flushing, L. I. Terms liberal. Address E. R., Herald office.

I read the advertisement, then handed the paper to mother, and watched while she read it, too. I saw her pale cheek flush, and her eyes fill with tears, and knew that memory had carried her back to the time when she was Miss Ralston, and mistress of Oak Lawn, till she left it to share a far humbler home, with the man she loved. Her father never foreage the mesalkiance, as he was never forgave the mesalliance, as he was pleased to call it.

All intercourse between the families ceased; and at his death, Oak Lawn and every thing else was left to his son, by a former marriage, Egbert Ralston, jr. He it was who had advertised for a seamstress; and I, Cora Harte, teacher in one of the public schools in New York, was about to apply for the position.

Perhaps mother suspected my intention, for she looked up and said, quickly:
"Well, dear, how can your uncle's adver-

tisement possibly concern us?"
"It concerns us very nearly, dear mamma, for I must try to secure the place."

She objected at first, as I knew she would. but at last the sad logic of poverty made her see the matter as I did. And indeed it was absolutely necessary that I should do omething.

There were but twenty-five dollars in my purse, ten of which were owing to the doctor. Mother was an invalid, I her only support. School would not recommence till fall, and in the mean time we must

"Think how comfortable it will make us," I urged in conclusion. "Uncle Egbert need never know that I am related to him. I doubt if he is even aware of my existence. You will know that I am safe and comfortable, and the money will be fairly comfortable, and the money will be fairly

So it was all arranged at last. We gave up our little room at Harlem; board was engaged for mother, and I was initiated into the life of a seamstress.

It did not prove so hard as I had expected. The house was large and airy, and within hearing of the waves as they beat continually upon the beach.

Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, supplied

me with work, and when I occasionally met Mr. Ralston, he passed me with a bow at once haughty and indifferent. Beyond this my presence in the house was ignored.
One day I ran down stairs for some instructions about my work, and observed that a hammock had been suspended across the veranda, and moreover that it was occu-

"Who is that?" I inquired of Mr. Mar-

tin.
The good lady looked over her glasses at the hammock, then under them at me.
"That is Mr. Harvey Lindsey, Mr. Ralston's heir. He is going to stay here for some time."

Mr. Ralston's heir! I had not thought of that. Of course the estate must be left to somebody, and as Mr. Ralston was a bachelor, this was the fortunate individual.

On my way back, I paused to look more closely at one who was destined to step into the shoes I fancied Fortune should have adjusted to my feet. What a picture of sublime masculine laziness he was! His Panama had fallen from his head, his slippers from his feet, his paper from his hand; but with instinctive fondness his fingers still clasped his cigar. A long light mustache shaded his mouth, and his eyes were closed, for Mr. Harvey Lindsey was enjoying the luxury of a noonday nap.

It was, perhaps, with more scorn and im-

patience than the occasion quite justified, that I turned away. He was one of life's idlers—I belonged to the world of workers; he was waiting for his fortune—I was strug-gling for mine: let him sleep on! Doubtless it was hard for this devotee of

pleasure to exchange the delights of Saratoga and Long Branch for the monotony of a quiet country house, merely to satisfy the caprice of an eccentric old gentleman, and

Mr. Lindsey suffered from ennui.

Nevertheless I did not feel called upon to devote myself to his entertainment, and persistently declined his invitations to walk

But his sunny temper would not let him take offense, and after the long day's sewing he would bring book or paper and read to me while I rested. At such times the demon of envy and discontent was banished from my heart, and for a few hours I was

So the summer sped away, and my engagement at Oak Lawn drew to a close. The last day came, hot and sultry. Swiftly and steadily I sewed, fearing to stop for a moment, resolutely keeping back the blinddread for the lonely future.

At last my work was peremptorily stopped. A firm hand was placed upon the wheel of the sewing machine, and Mr. "Get your hat, Cora, and come out for a

I was too tired and nervous to resist, and, moreover, I felt that resistance would be

We walked on silently for a time; at last he spoke.
"Poor little girl! Oh, Cora, it pains me to the heart to see you so worn and tired. My darling, I would save you from a life of toil, for I love you. Will you be my

With a perversity I could scarcely explain even to myself, I withdrew my hand

and answered bitterly: and answered bitterly:

"Reserve your pity, Mr. Lindsey. My life may be a hard, but, I thank God, it is not an aimless one. Our lines are cast in different places. I am Mr. Ralston's niece, you are his heir. I must work to gain a livelihood; you have only to await his death to inherit the estate. And now, goodnight and farewell, for I leave Oak Lawn early to morrow morning." early to-morrow morning.

We had reached the garden gate, but he detained me to ask eagerly:
"You say you are Mr. Ralston's niece; I beg of you to tell me-is he aware that you

Reassure yourself; he knows me only as his hired seamstress."

Half an hour later, a servant knocked at my door and announced that Mr. Ralston lesired to see Miss Harte in the library.

I went down, unable even to conjecture what was to follow. In the hall I was intercepted. Mr. Lindsey stepped forward. "Give me a few moments, first, please," he said gently, leading me to the ver-"There is a pleasant surprise in store for my little friend, and I want to be the first to tell it. Mr. Ralston is to revoke his will,

and Miss Cora Harte is to be his heiress. Henceforth, Oak Lawn is to be her home."
"And you?" I asked, scarcely realizing what I heard. He smiled a little.

I am not entirely penniless, and even if it were so, thank Heaven, a man can earn his bread without losing life and strength in the effort. It will give me more pleasure than I can tell, to know that you are well and happy here, after I have gone away."

"Gone away?" I echoed.

"Yes; I shall accept a foreign appointment, and probably remain abroad several

"My heart will break!" I cried, almost

involuntarily.

He reached forward eagerly.

"Cora, tell me at once, is it indeed true? I beg of you do not trifle with me now." I had no desire to trifle. At last I knew my own heart—knew that Harvey Lindsey was dearer than all the world to me, and I

So the question as to who should inherit uncle Egbert's estate was satisfactorily settled, and Oak Lawn became our happy

#### THE BEAUTIFUL SOON FADES!

BY GERALD SILVEY.

To heaven I cast my raptured sight,
And saw a lovely star
Unruffled in the vault of night
Give radiance from afar.
And there on its empyreal plain
It seemed the fairest of its train;
But ah! dark clouds o'ercast the sky,
And hid its beauties from mine eye!

I saw a flower—a lovely flower—
Such as the dewdrops love to kiss—
So bright the whirlwind's mighty power
Grow calm, and wooed in tones of bliss;
It lived, while pearly dewdrops stayed,
It thrived, while round it zephyrs played;
But when the breeze and dew stole 'way
This flower faded with the day!

A beauteous maid hath blessed my sight—
A creature from some brighter sphere,
Whose angel face and brow of light
Seemed more to me than passing fair;
Her dimpled cheeks were luscious red;
Blue were her eyes as skies o'erhead;
Mingled her voice seemed to be
With Heaven's sweetest symphony

Sweet was the cup of life to sip
While this dear one was nigh,
But as it pressed my smifing lip
The tears of woe bedimmed mine eye!
For like that star that graced the night,
Clouds o'er her beauty cast a blight!
And like my vermil-tinted flower,
She graced no more an earthly bower!

## Laura's Peril:

## THE WIFE'S VICTORY

A STORY OF LOVE, FOLLY, AND REPENTANCE. BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD," CHAPTER XXV.

A RECOGNITION. CAPTAIN HOUSTON was sitting in his own room quietly smoking a cigar, and watching through the open casement the early au-tumn leaves rustle in great red showers to the earth, when a servant entered and an-nounced the fact that there was a gentleman in the reception-room who desired a few moments' conversation with Mr. Hous-

"Who is it, Mary?" he asked, carelessly. "I don't know, sir; never seen him in the world before, sir." The captain smiled. "Nor out of the

Mary saw the joke, and toying with her apron, laughed a little.

"No, sir; nor out of the world."

"Well, then, go down and tell him that I will be there directly. He gave no card?"

"No, sir—no card."

The servant withdrew, and Captain Hous-

ton glanced into the mirrror over the man-tel, re-arranged his necktie, gave a settling twist to his vest, and followed her. In the reception-room he met Cleve Standish. The latter came forward to greet the

old soldier, but he stopped short when he saw there was no sign of recognition in the "I see you don't know me, captain?"
There was a moment's silence, and then

Captain Houston said: "Really, you have me at a disadvantage, but," he was looking under his eyebrows at him now—"it seems to me I have met you somewhere before, but where, when, or un-der what circumstances, I can not for the

life of me remember." You were once in command of a body of troops at Peoria, and afterward at Leavenworth?"

res, yes—over eighteen, ay, over nine teen years ago." "Do you not remember seeing in those places a wild, harum-scarum youth named Cleve Robsart?"

Cleve Robsart who married pretty Mabel Lynn-the minister's daughter?"

"The very same."
"And you?" "I am Cleve Robsart!" Captain Houston grasped him by the and. "Ay, I remember now! You have

changed a great deal, have grown stout, but I recognize you now."
"I thought you would," replied Cleve.
"But, captain, I have just returned from

California, and I've come here to ask you a simple question."

Captain Houston knew what was coming, but he restrained himself, and said:

Go on." "Have you ever seen Mabel Lynn since we left Leavenworth for California?"
His voice was full of eagerness.

No, I never have. "And you know nothing of her?"
"Nothing of herself—but her child—I know she is her child because she bears the

same name, and is the very counterpart of your Mabel—is in this house now." "I know that," replied Cleve; "at least, it was the knowledge of this circumstance that brought me back."

"Indeed! how came you to know this?"
"I met the Dormers in California—in Sacramento—and I saw her picture there, and heard her name." Strange enough!"

"Very strange; but where is little Ma-bel? You knew I never saw my child." "Never saw her?" repeated the captain. "No, never. Her mother and I were separated before the child was born. For years I have thought her mother dead. I thought

she had died in the mountains.' But how came you to be separated?" "I am almost ashamed, captain, to tell you the story," began Cleve, blushing red.
"You know how wild I was?"

"Well, when we got to the Pacific coast, I got in with a lot of gamblers and roughs, nd what with drinking all day, and playing all night, in six months I was almost

"I know—go on."
"Mabel tried to win me away from my evil habits, used to lecture me on their sinfulness, and beg of me to return to the States. I would not listen to her, of course; her counsel made me, if any thing, more desperate, and one night when possessed of a mania, I struck at her with a bowie-knife. She threw up her arms to ward off the blow, and, somehow or other, my hand received a twist, and the blade of my knife penetrated

my own neck."

"My God!" exclaimed Captain Houston;
"how terrible."

"Yes, you may guess how terrible, but you can not even faintly imagine my feel-ings on returning to consciousness. There I lay in a cabin in the mountains, so weak from loss of blood that I was unable to speak, surrounded only by a party of rough miners, who had little or no sympathy for such a wretch as I." He sighed heavily.

"I learned, after a while, that my wife was nowhere to be found, and the supposi-tion was that she had committed suicide by drowning herself in the Klamath."

"Fearful!" exclaimed the captain, again breaking in on the strange narrative, "fear-

"Ah, it was, indeed, sir! but from that hour I resolved to lead a better life, and when I got well enough to be about again, I tramped all over the Pacific coast, sir, from San Diego to the Oregon line, in search of poor Mabel. Finally, I gave up the chase, and God knows how I mourned for my darling wife; night and day, sir, she was ever in my thoughts; yes, sir, night and day."

He paused a moment. "When I left Syskyon county, I changed my name to Standish, my mother's name, and have borne it ever since."

"But, you have some friends living—a father, have you not?"
"Yes; I have a father in Maryland; but he disinherited me years ago, and I'm not sure now whether he is dead or living. I have led a wild life, you see-a very reck-

less, desperate existence."
He buried his face in his hands and some-Captain Houston was touched by the misery before him, and going forward, he laid his hand upon his head.

"There, Robsart, don't take it so to heart.

Your wife may still be living."

"Yes, I think she is living," he said, with animation. "You see, this child Mabel, whom the Dormers got from my Mabel in Pennsylvania, must have been born four months after her mother and I quarreled in California."

"Ah! indeed! Then she must be living yet. Yes! yes! You should advertise for her in the Herald or Times. Don't you think

There was a merry peal of laughter in the parlor, across the hall, and the two men looked into each other's faces. "It's she," said the captain-"it's Mu-

Cleve Robsart made a quick step forward, as if he would rush in at once and repeat his whole story to the owner of that merry laugh, but the captain's hand was upon his

arm, holding him fast.
"No, no, that won't do. You would frighten the poor child to death. I'll have to pave the way a little."
"But I am so eager to see her—every mo-

ment is an age."
"Yes, yes, I know. But come, step into this room, and I'll send for her. "You'll not keep me waiting long?"
"No, no, but a moment."

Cleve stepped into a little room to the right; it was filled with books, and he saw at a glance it was a reading-room. Dropping into a chair, he listened eagerly.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER. WHEN Captain Houston entered the drawing-room, he found Mabel and George Dalby, examining a lot of sketches which the latter had made during his stay at New-

'Will you excuse Mabel a moment, Mr. Dalby? "Oh, yes—certainly."
Mabel hastily laid down the sketch she

was examining. 'Well, captain, do you want me?" "Yes; I want to speak to you a few moments, in the reception-room."

He was looking very solemn, and for the nonce she thought him the bearer of ill-"There is no bad news," she asked, following him, "is there? Nothing has hap-

"No, nothing. Sit down there, in this chair. There." He placed it so that Cleve could feast his eyes on her face. "I have good news for you, Mabel." Her face lit up like a flash.

"Oh, captain, do tell me; is—is Joe come back?" He shook his head.
"No, it's not about Joe, or the Dormers, but about a nearer friend.

The girl began to tremble.
"I have heard to-day from your father!" "My father!" she gasped. "My father—my real father?"
"Yes, Mabel dear; but don't get excited.

Keep cool, and I will tell you all."

"Oh, Captain Houston," and here the tears began to fall; "you are not trifling

with me—you—you, are in earnest?"
"I am, most assuredly." "And I have a father living, after all?" "Yes, Mabel, you have a father."
"And a mother, too? Oh, captain, pray

do say I have a mother too!"

"There, there; don't lose your reason, my good girl. Possibly your mother is still living, but your father certainly is, and "In this house?" she interrupted. "He is in this house! I know it? Oh, Mr. Houston, let me see him! I know he is

She leaped to her feet, and her eves wandered about the room. Guided, as if by in-

stinct, she rushed to the reading-room door. On the threshold she met Cleve Robsart. 'My darling!" he exclaimed, with outstretched arms.
She glanced up, heaved a deep sigh, ut-

tered a little scream, and fell fainting on his "Look up, my darling, my own precious one, look up! 'Tis your father calls on you, your own poor, half-crazed father.'\* He strained her to his bosom, in a passion-

ate embrace, and kissed her parted lips, and cheek, and brow, while the hot tears fell "I feared I would never know this joy. My life has been so miserable, and bare—so

Cleve-Mr. Robsart, she has fainted. said Mr. Houston, coming forward. "See, how pale she is.' Yes; she had fainted, but she was return-

ing to consciousness again. He brushed the golden hair—so very like that other Ma-bel Lynn's—and held the glass of water, which the captain had brought, to her lips. "Oh, I am only dreaming," she murmured, at length. "Only dreaming; I have no father-I'm all alone in the world

"No, no, Mabel, my little Mabel," ex-claimed Cleve; "you are wide awake, and neither of us are alone in the world any She looked up into the tear-stained face,

beaming so lovingly, so kindly upon her, and then she twined her arms closer about him, and cried harder than ever. After a while Cleve told her the whole story he had previously related to Captain Houston, except that portion concerning

the scene in the ranche on Klamath Mountain, which he deemed it fitting that she should never learn.

This was the version he gave Mabel. "We were both quick tempered, and I, when under the influence of liquor, was little less than a demon. We quarreled some-times, but I was always in the wrong, and one night I came home drunk, scolded her, and the next morning I discovered that she

"But why did she not try to reclaim you?" asked Mabel, impulsively, and feeling that her mother had acted altogether too hastily.

"She did try," he replied, "God knows how hard. Begged of me day and night, prayed—ay, and sometimes even fasted rom necessity."
Mabel burst into tears.

"My poor mother!" she exclaimed.
He did not try to divert her sympathy, or
to screen himself, but, indeed, said everything he could in defense of the absent one. Mabel saw this, and it made her feel grateful to him; he had been very bad and wicked—no one could deny that—but he was repentant and contrite now, and why should he not have her gratitude and love? Captain Houston had slipped away, early in the interview, and they were now alone.

They talked a long while together, and finally Mabel said: But is-of course your name is Lynn.'

"But is—of course your name is Lynn."

"No, that was your mother's name."

"And my name is not Lynn, after all?"

"No, darling, your name is Robsart."

"Robsart!" she repeated—a new iatelligence breaking in upon her. "Robsart! Why, I knew a lady named Robsart, and everybody says she looks like me; and, oh, dear, it may be she is—?"

"Your mother? Yes, darling, if she looks like you she may be." He was all eagerness now. "Where is she—where did you see her?"

"At Newport; but this woman was young and beautiful, and her husband was dead."

He did not mind this last remark.

"Where is she now?" he asked. "Who was she with?"

was she with?"
"She was with her husband's father, old

She was with her husband's father, old Mr. Robsart, and I believe, yes, I'm quite sure, they live in Maryland."

Cleve Robsart felt himself grow weak and faintish. "Mabel, that lady is your mother. She is at Robsart Place now," he said. "The play is over at last; the clouds are breaking ower and the glad surphing is

are breaking away, and the glad sunshine is coming. It is almost too much to hope for, but we will be all reunited again." It was late when they parted for the night. Mabel had so much to tell him concerning Laura Robsart's stay at Newport; of her interview with her; of how she looked; of what she said; of her beauty, her manner, her voice, while he pictured her as she appeared to him when quite a child, when she won his admiration and effection.

affection. "I never realized, though, the immeasur able worth of my pet until that bleak November morning, when I discovered that she had left me—that I had driven her, by my wanton cruelty, out into the world, friend-less and alone."

less and alone."

"Don't cry, father," she said, stroking his face with her soft hand. "I'm so happy to-night. I've got a father and a mother. I'm not the poor friendless one I was yesterday; and if Joe was here—"
She stopped suddenly, and colored.
"You needn't blush, darling," said Cleve. "Joe Dormer is a chivalrous gentleman. You have no need to be ashamed of Joe."
"And did you know Joe, too?"
"Did I know him? Well, I think I do! We had many dealings together, and but

We had many dealings together, and but for my knowing him, it is barely possible that I would never have known you at all, my darling."
"Indeed—tell me—" "You know the picture—the oil painting the portrait you sent him?"

"Yes-very well." "I was in his store when it came!" "Oh, was you?" She clapped her hands with delight. "It was Dalby painted it—painted it from memory—and—and what

did Joe say?"

"Say! Why, my little girl, it would have done your heart good to have seen that man and his old father—Adam, you know?"

"Yes, I know—dear old papa Adam."

"To see them kneeling there before it, as

if it was the picture of a saint, and they were worshiping it. "Did Joe seem glad?" "Yes, enraptured."
"And Adam — poor, dear, eld papa

Adam?"
"I think he cried," he said. She made an effort to speak, but she could not, and through the tears that danced in her eyes, she caught the glimpse of a faded old town, nestling at the foot of a dark mountain; of a noisy old mill, the roof of which was patched with clinging moss; of dark-haired, brown old man; of a ragged,

Cleve noticed her emotion, and was just the slightest bit jealous.
"You love these people?" he asked. "Yes," she managed to reply, "very much.

Better than all the world besides? She put her arms around his neck.
"I love you, too," she said. "I can't tell why, but I do love you, already.' "It is nature speaking," he whispered. She was satisfied with the explanation.

The next morning all at Oak Manor knew that Mabel's father had-like Micawber's fortune-turned up at last, and there was a great deal of hand-shaking and congratulations over the event. When, however, it became known that Laura Robsart was Mabel's mother, John

Nevin felt shocked, and was incredulous for a time; but when Alice told him the whole story, word for word, as Mabel had given it to her, he was convinced. He thought he could now see why it was

that Laura Robsart had declined all offers of marriage, and from that moment he thought better of her. "She had every opportunity to be untrue to her husband," he said to Alice, "but she resisted the temptation, and has come

out of the fire—pure gold."
That same afternoon Cleve Robsart left Oak Manor for Maryland.
"I'll be back in a week," he said to Mabel, "and then I'll take you with me." She watched him out of sight, and then went up to her chamber, and prayed that his mission might prove successful. (To be continued—commenced in Nu 95.)

THERE is no occasion to trample upon the meanest reptile, nor to sneak to the greatest prince. Insolence and baseness are equally unmanly.





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#### MRS. ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

We announce, in our next issue, the new

#### MADELEINE'S MARRIAGE:

WHOSE WIFE WAS SHE? by this talented author, whose position is among the leading women writers of America It is, probably, the most finished and thorough ly wrought out of all her productions—very strong in character, subtle in plot, varied in incident and full of that power which lies be hind all true authorship—the power of enchaining the attention and holding the read-

Madeleine, a child of the Wreck, is the sport of a strange Fate. With exquisite beauty of body and mind she drifts, as it were, into channels of life which would have appalled a sterner heart, a stronger soul. Poor and utterly without friends, she yet is the heiress of vast estates, to obtain which she becomes involved in a chain of circumstances that place her in a dread peril-one that few women would care to encounter for any reward that

earth can give. While there is, in the narrative, a rapid succession of exciting incidents, and numerous scenes of almost painful interest, drawn with wonderful skill, there is, yet, throughout all the work that undercurrent of tenderness and pathos which betray the true master of com-

position and of the author's art. The serial will attract great attention, and will be pronounced one of the very best which it has been the good fortune of the popular press to present, in a long time.

## Our Arm-Chair.

Tobacco Chewers, Look Out!-A Justice of the Peace in Mansfield, Mass., has decided that it is a criminal offense to expectorate the juice of tobacco upon the floor of a public hall; and so he fined the expectorator one dollar and the costs of court. What a revenue would the city of New York derive if each spittist was fined one dollar for each of-fense against decency! That the justice manufactured a little law for the occasion is probably true, but that he served the public well, in the interests of common cleanliness and good manners, few can deny. This tobaccospitting, on walks and floors, which every where is practiced, is an abomination, disgust

given her by her flance, or even the engagement-ring, which is kept as an Indian keeps a scalp—as a

trophy of former victories." Such a procedure is worthy of a pawn-bro ker's daughter, but not of any woman of honor. To keep presents after an engagement is severed, is, literally, to say that the object of the engagement was a mercenary one. A true lady, or a real gentleman, will return every thing, even all the letters which have passed between them as lovers.

Compliments of the Season-The one of the best of our country exchanges-thus "opinionates itself" in regard to popular

The SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL is decidedly one of the best weeklies published in this country. many fine stories it contains, and the beautiful il lustrations it gives, makes it a popular paper with all who read it. We consider it far ahead of the Ledger, or many of the weeklies that make great pretense of being the leading periodicals of that kind. We advise those who have not been readers of the STAR JOURNAL, to get a copy of it at our news offices, and judge for themselves whether it is not

We have many bows to make to our friends of the press throughout all the country, for the good things said. While we can not give place to their expressions, we are none the less grateful and gratified. That our paper is appreciated is a source of great satisfaction.

Is Religion at Variance with Science?-A valued correspondent and occasional contributor, writes: "I am deeply exercised in mind over the problems of Life and Human Destiny. All that I have read, of late, of the great scientists, leads me away, so far, from old religious landmarks, that I really am losing sight of land, and am floating on an unknown sea. Whither am I drifting? I ask. almost hourly. Is science, indeed, opposed to religion?" and more to the same purport.

Of course this journal is not the proper medium of discussions or opinions likely to be excited by answering the writer's query; but, it seems to us that, like thousands of others, the correspondent is "afloat" merely because he "loses his reckoning," as the sailors have it. Get your courses and bearings truly laid and you are as safe on the Sea of Science as on the Land of Orthodoxy. That Religion and Science are antagonistic, is, it seems to us, a misapprehension of terms.

Thus, a recent writer, who is regarded a "materialist," or non-religionist, formulates the position of the Scientists of the most ad-

'The presentage has witnessed the establishment of two great principles in scientific investigation: the one the persistence of force: the other the whenever force disappears in one form, its reappearance must be looked for in some other form; and that their causes must be sought within nature, and not ture, uncreatable and indestructible, omnipresent,

pearing, it is the one in the many, the permanent in the transient. Thus the old dream of a creation is metamorphosed into the modern discovery of evolution. Sociology, history, ethics, philosophy, religion, all illustrate the same great law of evolution, as treated by all the best and latest writers; but the origin of species was the stronghold of superpartness must be presented by the property of the property pernaturalism until Darwin and Wallace had scien-tifically formulated the law of natural selection. This theory, accounting for so much that had hitherto been unaccountable, helps us, as nothing else could, to realize Alexander von Humboldt's else could, to realize Alexander von Humbold's grand conception of Nature as a living whole, "ein lebendiges Ganze," .To bring human society and the human soul into unity with this great whole, of which they are parts, is the religion of science."

Now, in this, we have the confession, or rather acknowledgment, of the presence of an Intelligence behind all movement; and, as the writer further says, "Our very ability to search out laws proves the law-maker; Nature is intelligible because it is itself intelligence, we conceive the road of the religionist to be straightforward and easy over the scientific field of research and speculation.

Religion and Science are not antagonistic, save only to those who are self-blind and deaf to stupendous evidences that God is All in All, to-day and forever.

The Law of Marriage, -F. G. F. is anxlous upon the "Marriage Question," as she terms it, and wants to know "If a licensed minister of the Gospel is essential to a wholly

There is singular misapprehension existing, in the minds of some, regarding the binding force of forms and ceremony. A marriage is a coming together in an acknowledged relation of husband and wife. No form or ceremony whatever is essential. This is the decision of the New York Courts. Other States have given the same construction. If the actual relation, acknowledged by the husband as such, has been maintained by parties, the courts decide they are "husband and wife," ceremony, license or form being wanting.

Of course this is making marriage only an 'agreement" or copartnership; but it is law.

It is a singular state of things, however; for Statute books are all very explicit in conferring power to sanction marriage on certain persons only, as Ministers of the Gospel, Judges, Justices of the Peace, etc., and also requiring license to be procured by the parties to be married, as necessary to the marriage.

Lucy Stone married Mr. Blackwell simply

by acknowledging him, in the presence of witnesses, to be her husband; and each entered into a written covenant to remain husband and wife so long as they could agree, but the covenant provided for separation, also; and this marriage will be held to be valid in any State in the country.

In view of this leniency, or rather liberality in the legal construction of what constitutes a marriage, we can not, for the life of us, see what the Theodore Tilton and Woodhull school of protestants against our Marriage Laws are driving at. More license to marry and unmarry they could hardly ask, for the courts have practically made marriage but an agree ment.

#### I DIDN'T LIKE.

I've come from a visit to the city, and I'm firmly convinced that I wasn't satisfied a bit with it, and prefer country air and country fare, together with the shady trees and murmuring brooks, to all the marble palaces and lofty manufacturing houses. I didn't like to walk through the streets, and find every thing I touched to be covered with dust, so ruinous to kid gloves, and my temper as well.

"It is the style nowadays, when an engagement is broken off, for the lady not to return the presents given her by her flance, or even the content of the style in roam round my country home, to their hearts' content, with no fears of policeme dragging them from under horses' hoofs making them imagine they were about to be taken away to the lock-up. Wouldn't the invigorating and bracing country air bring the roses to their cheeks? I reckon it would, and I sighed to think that it wasn't

in my power to do it.

I didn't like to see those beggar children going from door to door, asking for cold victuals, and notice Mrs. Eversogrand lolling back in her carriage, just as if she was all the world, and the beggar children a nonentity. I wanted to tell her that she wasn't doing her duty in neglecting to care for her less fortunate brothers and sisters. But I didn't, although I did the best I could and that was to buy the child a warm loaf so she wouldn't have all cold victuals. didn't like to see how begrudgingly Biddy or Molly passed the broken fragments to those beggar children. We don't do so in the country: what the farmers give, they

give willingly I didn't like to see so many of the young men going into "sample-rooms," and to come out wiping their lips. I am sure there was plenty of water about, and what is mor refreshing than such a cooling drink? ell you I was up and down sorry to notice how much the steps of those "sample rooms" had been worn away.

I didn't like the way the persons of my own sex flounced into the horse-cars, and then looking around with indignation if every man did not get up and offer his seat to them. I thought at the time it wouldn't be amiss to expatiate on men's rights. How can they expect those gentlemen, who have no doubt been standing behind a counter all day, and who are very wearied, to put themselves to so much trouble and incon venience? But, if a man does give up his eat to a lady, I think it is her duty to thank him for the same, but I heard very few of them do it.

I didn't like to go shopping where the at tendants were of both sexes, for they did more giggling and chattering together, than on the wants of their customers When I go shopping, I want to try to find something, and not to listen to the courtship of persons I don't care two straws for. Over particular? No, I am not; but this riggling and love-making in public is the hight of rudeness.

I didn't like to notice the manner in which the poorer classes were huddled together in the tenement houses, so badly ventilated and so few escapes in case of fire, and where the filth and garbage were scattered about that will some day fill the air with pestilential disease, and bring ruin and desolation.

And I didn't like to witness how hard some of the laborers had to toil in the heat, bearing burdens which taxed their strength to lift, knowing that there were many youn, fellows tending in stores, getting good salaries and wearing good clothes, while their services were not worth it, and who were all diminution, appearing and disappearing and resp- smiles to the rich, and all frowns to the poor.

And I didn't like to think of all these things, and feel it was not in my power to alter them all; but, perhaps it will do some good to write about them. I hope so; don't you?

EVE LAWLESS.

#### THE CURSE OF MANKIND.

How many manly forms are palsied; how many noble minds are destroyed; how many priceless souls are lost forever through the curse of strong drink! It is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. In vain every influence at man's command is employed to check the onward march of those who are habitually destroying the faculties of research and will ing the faculties of reason and will.
What does intemperance do?

It cuts down manhood in its strength. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the lov-ing mother, extinguishes natural affection, ing mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down the gray hairs of hundreds in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives, widows; children, orphans; fathers, fiends; and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds epidemics, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, povtion. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills the jails, and supplies the almshouse. It fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It peoples the prisons, and furnishes the victims for the caffold. It is the life-blood of the gambler the aliment of the counterfeiter, the propose the hangman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, resurrects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue slanders innocence. It incites the fatue, slanders innocence. It incites the fa-ther to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to murder his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal ax. It burns up men, and consumes women, de-feats life, curses God, and despises Heaven. causes shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not hap-piness; and with the malevolence of a fiend t calmly surveys the desolation, and insatiated with havoc, poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins mortals, and then curses the world, and laughs at its ruin. It is the devil's best

All this it does, and more besides, and who mourns? Go to the relatives of those who fill our prisons; go to the parents of some of the young men in the city, and find

out who mourns.

I hate and loathe this traffic in the curse of mankind, with a lasting, uncompromising, bitter hatred, and humanity may well weep over this withering, wide-sweeping, boiling river of death, that is so thickly covered with the wrecks of those who might have been pillars in the grand temple of God! Hate is too feeble a word to express my abhorrence of this cursed beverage that is filling our land with graves. Young men and ladies drink the social glass because it is "fashionable," and fashion has cursed human hearts, and damned millions of human souls. They do not look into the future, but without heeding the warning voice they rush madly on, until their souls are with the wailing multitudes of the lost. The following lines should be read by everybody, and remembered as well:

Vote "Yes," and the lava-tide of death Over cottage, hall and bower, Shall roll its dark, blood-crested wave, While madness rules the hour.

Vote "No;" and the white-winged angel, Peace, Shall dwell in the drunkard's home, And beams of temperance, truth and light, Will dispel the withering gloom.

Vote "No," and the mother's heart shall leap,
And the sister's eyes be dry,
The poor inelviste close his hands. And raise his voice on high, By the cherished heart's great wrong, By the spirit's deathless woe, In the name of God and the name of man, Let every vote be "No."

I am waiting patiently for the day when God shall tread upon and crush this mass of corruption, that is robbing the earth of its beauty, and filling the land with mourners until it shall be everlastingly and eternally J. B. HENLEY.

## UPPER TEN AND LOWER TWENTY

UPPER TEN has a rich father, who indulges him to the full of his bent-allows him all sorts of liberties, and a plentifu supply of cash; he does not have to think where more money has to come from, when what he has is gone; to desire new clothes is but to have them, and to live in the pres ent, regardless of the future, is all he cares His club-room, his cigars, and liquors are his ultimatum of life's enjoyments. I he goes to college, it is more on account of its being fashionable than from any desire he has to procure knowledge, and he makes those inferior in wealth to himself stand around as though money was the standard and not merit, to measure by. He is fawn ed upon by those who want his money, and is shown unusual attention by the tutors and professors. At holiday time he goes home to "cut a dash" at balls and routs, meets with some fair charmer who conquers his heart, marries her, and thinks himself the luckiest fellow in the world, and when he dies he will be buried with untold hon-

Yet, has the world been made any better for his presence?

Lower Twenty is not many years of age ere he comes to the stern realization, that, if he wants a living he has got to work for it as his parents have done before him. He has no time to pine for luxuries, when he has to labor so energetically to procure the necessaries. He thirsts for knowledge, and to get it is his aim. He goes to college, boards himself on a dollar a week, pays for his tuition and books by making the fires and ringing the school-bell. He has a home, but at holiday time he can not visit it, be cause it is too expensive; so he sits around his air-tight stove and studies his Greek and Latin, yet he does not murmur, because he knows his knowledge is to benefit him in the end, and so it does. He stands on the threshold of life a man, knowing it is by his own exertions he is what he is: manful ly will he meet the barriers in his path; to exalt the right and crush out the wrong will be his utmost endeavor. The world will hear of him by his brave deeds. Such men the world wants.

While your pampered gentleman is idling away his time, your real worker is aiming for a higher sphere. Because one is rich, it is no reason he should be idle; neither is it a reason because one is poor that he should

have no ambition. Push ahead! Drive on! If you come to a river where the bridge is gone, take off your clothes, strap them upon your back, and

swim across. Leap the barriers, scale the walls, but work, work and endeavor to be somebody and aid others to be the same.

F. S. F.

## Foolscap Papers. A Select Party.

LAST night, as Mrs. W. intended to go to a sewing-circle, and I would have the house alone, I gave a few of my friends an invitaof the inducements I held out was a bowl of punch. I also intimated cards, and vaguely alluded to lunch from Mrs. W.'s cupboard, and also referred to a good time.

Smith, Jones, Brown, Robinson, and Jenkins, made their appearance at sharp eight, and came horribly near meeting Mrs. W. at the front gate, which set my nerves all upon double edges at the time.

double edges at the time.

They congratulated me upon being alone, and hoped I wouldn't mourn my wite's absence, but try to be cheerful. I told them I would endeavor to bear it with manly fortitude and resignation. They felt sure I would, slapped me on the back, and sat down while I got out the cards, and we soon got deeply into the game, until Brown said he would be very glad if I would bring him a glass of pure water warmed, disinfected with three parts of good St. Croix, neutralized with sugar, quant. suf., harmonized with a piece of lemon, and with just enough butter in it to make it slick—seconded by full ter in it to make it slick-seconded by full

The cards were dropped; we went to brewing the beverage, and the two-gallon bowl was soon set steaming on the table.

Then Brown tasted a tumblerful of it, and pronounced it a little thin. Jones tasted another tumblerful and said the same. The balance did and said likewise. As I am very modest, and never like to say any thing of myself, I shall remain silent on that head—which is mine. A good deal more of the precious fluid was added. Brown only swallowed a tumblerful of it, and was under the impression that it was a little too thick. Jones did and said the same; they all followed suit. We were bound to get it right, and thinned it accordingly. Jones sampled a tumblerful, and was fearful there wasn't sugar enough in it. Robinson did the same, and replied similarly; so did the rest of them. We were sure of it this time, and the sugar was applied. Smith spoiled a glassful, and imagined it was sweet enough, but not enough lemon in its constitution. Brown and the rest of them evaporated their glasses, and imagined the same. All concluded, however, to be content with this bowl, and try and do better on the next, only drinking another glass around to the health of the host. Then we sat down to the game. (I always use we, as I said before I wasn't there). It was eucher. Brown began by making two misdeals, and turning clubs trumps, leading the right bower; all threw, and Jones took the trick with the ace of spades. Smith rose and said that when any man took a trick, the penalty should be that all must punch around. The penalty was rigidly enforced. Robinson took the next trick, which was led by the left bower, with one of his counters, the deuce of hearts. All supped a glass of

punch at two swallows. There was such unanimity of feeling that those who were not making any thing were allowed and really forced to mark them-selves as much as they desired. The game was ten, and some had themselves credited with four hundred and fifty and five hundred, and were anxiously inquiring how

soon the game would be out. The punch promised to be out first. Jenkins said the cards had a peculiar effect on his eyes, and moved to lay the game on the table. Seconded and carried. Jenkins health pledged in six glasses—I beg the reader's pardon, I should have said five. Brown said if the company would be quiet and not so highlarious he would proceed to give a little song from Burns, which he began with great effect:

"If a body meet a body, or any body else, Meandering through the rye," etc.

The "and so forth" was not produced, as the tongs upon which he was accompanying himself was drunk enough to pinch one of his fingers, and the rest of the song was untimely cut off.

Smith was standing before his shadow on the wall, and was heard to remark to a fellow whom he thought he saw out in the other

"Look here, ol' fel'r, haven't you had som'n to drink out there? You look drunk

I then gave a song, (what a silly fellow I am? I mean it was Robinson.) He said he had heard it somewhere, but didn't know where. He went to blow his nose and ran his finger in his eye, and sung:

"Do ray me fa law see dough!
Dough see law fa me ray dough. He said when the applause was over, that ne didn't know what language it was, but thought it might be some foreign one. Then he sat down on his hat, perfectly overcome, with tears running down his cheeks, and took another glass of punch to remind him of the last one.

Smith rose up, holding to the table, and asked if there were any spirits or reporters present; if not he was going to take another glass, as the one he had just taken had made him awful thirsty. I give what he meant to say; what he did say couldn't be untwisted, disengaged, and forced into print, but it was followed with "Here! Here!" and "Fill my glass!" Smith went over into a corner and sat down on the floor, and began to fan himself with a boot-jack; then he got up and hung his hat over a burning gas jet for a shade. Brown had his feet tangled up in a couple of chairs, but couldn't get it

into his head that they belonged to him. I had eaten a cracker upon an empty stomach and it flew to my head-that is say, Smith had, for I wasn't there—and was so near being foundered I thought I never would get over it. I was-that is Smith was, sitting and trying to pull one of his boots over his head under the delusion that it was his hat, when suddenly the door opened and in there walked Mrs. W. Then there came a sound as of a fellow being pitched out the front door and bumping on each of the steps as he went down; then another, and another, until I imagined myself make the same time on the same route ending with all the appearances of a collision and all the passengers killed. followed I know nothing about, as you are well aware. I was not there, and I take it to be some horrible dream! but, somehow, I don't feel well this morning. My post-office address at present is in bed. For further particulars please inquire of somebody else. Washington Whitehorn.

#### Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MS, postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book MS, and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wrated. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Nover write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its follo or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Will use "Little Suriya," Nos. I.-H.; "The Picture on the Pane;" "Love's Compensations;" "Won in Spite of Herself;" "Curse of Mankind;" "She is Coming;" "Patience;" "A Winter's Night;" "A Lock of Hair;" "Criminal Absurdity;" "Little Wanderer."

The six poems by K. K. D. are good enough for use. Will lay them aside, and perhaps can find room for them at Intervals.

The short serial, "A Great Trial," we will consider further and write author.

The four sketches by H. B. are real good, but are

sider further and write author.

The four sketches by H. B. are real good, but are somewhat unseasonable.

We can not use "A Wife Bravely Won;" "Invocation;" "Married to Die:" "Caleb Carty's Notes:" "Novelties;" "Kind Words;" "Strange;" "Drowned;" "Life's Sorrow;" "My Doo, Floes;" "A Story;" "The Quiet House;" "A Pound of Heart;" "Jimmy, the Fat Boy;" "The Carnival;" "A Skater's Glee." Such of these as had stamps inclosed we have returned.

The serial sent us from Halifax we can not use, and hold subject to order. Ditto, the serial from Kansas City. Send the latter to some of the Boston weeklies.

Author of poem "Drowned" writes well enough for success; but the poem submitted is much too long for our wants.—Poem, "Courage," is good enough for use, but, is it original?—Ditto, album rhyme, "Pensez a Moi." B. P. W. and J. C. B. We do not want the story eferred to.

SAM B. We know nothing in regard to the article adverted to, but should be very apt to examine the thing itself before investing.

EMELIE R. The line referred to is from Shakspeare. Your writing is excellent. Poem, "Bridget Murphy," which we laid saide for further consideration, we shall not use, and hold same subject to author's order.

STRANGER. Consult "Beadle's Dime Book of Etiquette" and you will be fully enlightened.

M. U. S. We certainly can not write or return MSS, where no stamps are inclosed. The MS. would have been promptly returned had you sent stamps.

F. W. D. You can not write well enough yet to "get in the papers." Study!

MUTE CHIEF. Vol. I. is supplied for \$2.75.

KATE G. Waterfalls are now worn large only by girls of questionable reputation.

Anxiety. Handwriting is excellent. Railroad employ is precarious—liable to be ended at any momoment. Take situation offered in broker's office, if it is an honorable broker. Some of these brokers and "exchangers" are doing a very questionable business.

S. S. H., Boston. We can supply you with back

numbers.

READER. We know nothing, of course, of the "Dr" referred to, but advise you to let his nostrums alone. Your proper course is to go at once and consult some good physician, near at hand.

E. A. M. There is a chilblain salve which is a perfect cure for the sores, but its name has now escaped us. Ask your druggist about it.

W. H. The hypring oil referred to is without

W. H. H. The burning oil referred to is, without doubt, some humbug. We know of no such thing in the Trade. C. F. B. We have yet another story (serial) by Consin May Carleton, which will be given in due

time.

A Boston Reader. If you desire to make a lady a Christmas or birthday present, first find out how much you are able to pay, and then select some favorite book, album, or volumes of books. Of course you should be governed particularly by your regard for the lady, and the esteem in which you are held by her. If you are engaged to the young lady, a ring, set of jewelry, etc., might be an acceptable present.

coptable present.

HOUSEKEPPER. You will find the following receipts very good for making the table luxuries you speak of in your letter. Any information which can be of use to young ladies interested in household matters, we will aiways give with great pleasure: For ginger-nuts-take two cups of molasses, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, one table-spoonful of saleratus, three table-spoontuls of ginger, one table-spoonful of cinnamon, and a little salt. Cocoanut-drops-one half-pound grated occoanut, one half-pound loaf sugar, and the whites of three eggs; then drop on buttered paper and bake. To remove wine-stains from a napkin or tablecloth, hold the part stained in milk that is boiling on the fire, and in a short while they will disappear.

LESTER W. Most assuredly you did wrong to re-

the fire, and in a short while they will disappear.

LESTER W. Most assuredly you did wrong to remain half an hour at a time upon your New Year's calls. The ladies can not, with propriety, devote themselves to one person's entertainment, especially when there are so many callers to whom they are strangers. Because you are engaged to a young lady, it is no reason you should make a fixture of yourself in her parior all day, and thereby make yourself feel "at home," and others become uncomfortable by your presence.

Miss Moore. Ladies should not confine their hair so closely, for it injures it to a very great and irremediable extent. Each morning, or at some time during the day or night, the hair should be worn flowing loosely, or confined only in a loose net with

ring loosely, or confined only in a loose net with large open meshes. Dyes, powders, oils and cosmetics are injurious to the hair, and should therefore not be used. Keep the scalp clean; do not wash the head too often; use a weak solution of borax in tepid water, and afterward rinse the hair well, and be certain to dry it thoroughly before it is braided or dressed.

braided or dressed.

LILIE BROWN. To clean colored silks, mix equal parts of alcohol, soft-soap and molasses; lay the article to be cleaned upon a table covered with a clean cloth, and sponge thoroughly with the mixture, giving an extra sponging to spotted parts. Rinse in tepid water twice, then once in clear cold water. Iron with hot irons immediately it is waten from the cold water. Delicate colors of blue, violet, etc., etc., can be cleaned by the above receipt and made to look like new. Cashmeres and merinos can also be cleaned in this way, only rinse them in hot instead of tepid or cold water.

MATUR L. V. If we were in the place of your old

MATTIE L. V. If we were in the place of your old companion and schoolmate, and you cut us and "put on airs," because some distant relative had left you a large fortune, when before that, you were glad of and sought our company, we would be glad to know you in your own true colors, and grieve not, as you say your friend does, at your change of conduct.

not, as you say your friend does, at your change of conduct.

"Because you flourish in worldly affairs, Don't be haughty and put on airs, Don't be haughty and put on airs, Don't be proud and turn up your nose At poorer people in plainer clothes."

Young Men's Club. There are no set rules for behavior upon New Year's calls, or for the length of time a gentleman should remain upon that occasion. We think, however, that from five to fifteen minutes should be the limit. Each gentleman should endeavor to have a word with each lady present, especially with the ladies of the house. Overcoats and hats should be laid aside in the hall, no matter how great the haste. No studied conversation should be entered upon; simply the "compliments of the season" passed, and like remarks. There is no reason that ladies receiving should present the gentlemen to each other, though she must introduce them to all of the ladies in the room.

Sufferers. There are several methods of treating

them to all of the ladies in the room.

SUFFERER. There are several methods of treating small-pox, but the best preventive against the disease is vaccination. When Jenner discovered vaccine as a preventive of small-pox, he was ridiculed by the world of science; and yet, to-day, no one denies its effectiveness. The following recipe we have heard well spoken of asa cure for the loathsome disease, as well as a remedy for scarlet fever; sulphate of zinc, one grain; one grain foxglove, (digitalis); half a tea-spoonful of sugar; mix with two table-spoonfuls of water, and when thoroughly mixed add four onnces of water, and give a spoonful every hour to an adult, and to a child, smaller doses.

MANDEVILLE. Ninety-five cities in the United States have a population of over 10,000. Young Artist. You can obtain a very good idea of light and shade in drawing, and also beneat yourself in the art of drawing, by taking a large pane of glass, smoking it well over the blaze of a candle, and then sketch upon it with a sharp stick. Moonlight effects can be obtained in this way with quite pretty effect.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.



#### TRUTH RESISTLESS.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

When a grand, impetuous nature
Is won to the law of right,
How he shines in every feature
With the love of the living light.
What a lustrous power is streaming,
From his mind to passion wrought,
Where the eagles of logic, gleaming,
Rush down from the sky of thought

His birds of the sun to pieces
The vultures of falsehood tear;
Nor beak nor talon ceases
While a feather of ill is there.
And the owls and bats of error,
Assalled without stint or ruth,
To the caverns of sin with terror
Flee from the force of truth.

In those lurid dons they shiver,
As they see, with fierce affright,
The truth, like a crystalline river,
Pour its flood of cloquent light.
No longer for triumph seeking,
They hide, from the terrible strife,
Where the logs of wickedness, recking,
Afford them a space for life.

Would you use resistless power In all that you say and do, Seek the truth of God each hour, And obey it carnestly too. This lesson of wisdom is given By a life of modest worth:

## A Mad-Cap.

BY MISS M. F. BURLINGAME.

SOMEWHERE near the Union Pacific Railroad lived my heroine. Whether in Iowa or Nebraska, I am not going to say, for some of those gentlemen groaning over doll-baby women, and "Girls of the Period," might possibly go there in search of another like her. It would be a fruitless quest, for she was the wildest, most daring girl within the borders of civilization, and

she isn't tamed much yet.

"Fast?" Not a bit. She was as ignorant as a baby of keno, cigarettes, husband-trapping, and Grecian bend:; equally innocent of chignons and corsets, else she could not have been the woman she was. But she could hunt, shoot, row, fish, climb trees, drive mules, oxen and mustangs, and ride bare-back; moreover, she did so.

There were seven girls in the family, and only one boy, and that one boy was her twin brother. An affinity of spirit made them nearly as inseparable as the Siamese twins. Dick wouldn't work unless Kate helped or looked on, and he never thought of going on any excursion without her was better than any boy he knew. And Kate thought Dick worth more than all the girls and dolls in existence.

So Kate Arnold grew up to womanhood, skilled in all the light out-door labor pertaining to a grain and stock farm, and an adept in all the innocent recreations in which western boys delight. She was a sad romp, and mad-cap, but without being rough and coarse. As frolicsome as a kitten, she was as graceful. To the indoor skillfulness and respectable intelligence and education of most farmers' daughters, she added a splen-did physique, and an acquaintance with out-door life and sports which increased her womanly charms and beauty. She loved adventure, daring, merriment and laughter, because her manner of living had preserved her from the morbid distempers and long-ings, and dreams, and heart-starvings and pangs, which so beset girls and women. She was full of life, health, fire, enthusiasm and latent capabilities, still careless and happy, undisciplined by suffering, and unawakened

in love with her, but she teased and tor-mented them, laughed at them, gave them advice and honest friendship, and was so frank and unconscious, that one might as well try to firt with, or make love to his grandmother or college chum.

The association with her brother Dick,

the warm affection, the pure, close inter-change of thought, sentiment and sympathy, kept her from that want and need of masculine companionship which makes many girls in their teens crazy for matri-At three-and-twenty love had not touched her heart, or matrimony entered her brain, and she was the better for it.

One morning she was sitting in an apple tree, shelling corn for a flock of chickens, and throwing the cobs to her favorite cow Through her busy head ran a train of thought, something in this way:
"I think Dick was real shabby. Here

I've been his comrade for nearly a quarter of a century, and never failed him. No matter what the weather, or what I was doing, when he wanted me to go with him, I went. I've blistered my hands and feet more than once, off with him. I always helped him in his plans, and never had a secret from him. And now, to think that when he wanted to explore Clark's Cave, he went and got John Callahan to go with him. It's too bad. I'm glad they got lost and couldn't go far. I'm glad they forgot fire-arms and provisions. That's just the way with men. They always forget half. They'd forget the road to heaven, if women jog their memories every day. I'm glad Dick lost his knife, and John bumped his head. John's always bumping and bob-bing, like a bat or a May-bug. If Dick had taken me instead of John Callahan, we would have gone to the end of the cave, if it reached half way to China. I'm glad they made a failure. Men always do when they shut women clear out of their confidence. Some of them never live long enough, though, to find it out. Doubt whether Methuselah did. Thought it was drilled into Dick from his cradle, so that he couldn't forget it. I've the greatest notion to explore the cave myself, make a map of it, find Dick's knife, if I can, and then offer to guide them through. That's just what I'll do the first favorable day," jumping from the tree, and scattering the cackling fowls.

A few mornings later, she started to carry out her project, without telling any one of Wasn't she afraid? Not at all, Miss Angelina! I know you scream at a spider, but she was fearless enough to have led the way for the Northern Pacific Railroad. Exploring alone the unknown cave was to her an amusing retaliation on

Kate was not exactly foolhardy, either. She provided herself with weapons, eatables, lights, a "safety-lamp," as a protection against foul gases, and several balls of fine twine. At the mouth of the cave she securely fastened one end of the twine, designing to unwind the ball as she proceeded, and thus have a clue from one apartment to another, by which she could not fail to retrace her footsteps.

Before she was through the first apart- I sweet face, soft, clustering curls, and scarlet

ment, she almost regretted her rash undertaking. The stillness, the utter darkness and solitude were oppressive beyond description. Dick and John had entered another room, so would she. In the second room she found Dick's knife, and, with renewed courses and energy pushed on The newed courage and energy, pushed on. The third and fourth apartments she mapped, giving absurd or fanciful names to all the prominent features. Afterward, she postponed mapping until her return.

It was weary work, walking in wet sand and slippery clay, scrambling over rocks, climbing ledges, and crawling through narrow apertures. The jagged rocks cut her hands and bruised her feet. The burdens she carried wearied her, strong as she was. Sometimes she wandered along the slip-pery, narrow bank of a subterranean brook waters of unknown depth on one side and a perpendicular wall on the other. Sometimes a yawning chasm stretched across her track. Innumerable wonders and beauties were revealed in the light of her lamp or torch, but dangers encompassed her. Blackness brooded before and behind. The stillness was broken only by the sound of dripping water, and her own footfalls. The constant dread of making a false step, and of slipping over the brink of an unseen precipice, told on her nerves. An awe and fear, never felt before, crept over her soul. She was in a world where light and life, and humanity were strangers. The unknown and the unseen were all about her. Eternity and omnipotence seemed near. The desolation and loneliness made her weak and trembling, yet an indomitable spirit would not let her turn back.

After a while she reached a room which surpassed all the others in beauty. Thousands of sparry stalactites hung from above; some red, some yellow, some white; most some red, some yellow, some white; most of them transparent. Many resembled branches; some, folds of drapery, some long, pointed leaves, others, heavy fringe. Stalagmites rose from the floor, and formed cones of purest white, and figures of trees, animals, and even human features. In many places they met the stalactites, forming massive pillars, or thin curtains. Here and there were delicate tracings of leaves and flowers, like frost-work executed in stone. Stalagmites and stalactites cuted in stone. Stalagmites and stalactites were studded with crystals gleaming like a snow-crust in the sunshine, with sparkling

incrustations, and shining fragment of spar. Kate rambled from one point to another, entranced with the profusion of magical beauty. Fatigue, fear and loneliness were forgotten. She was in a fairy grotto, more wonderful than her wildest dream. She thought it worth all the toil and danger incurred; and examined each beautiful object

with the eager enjoyment of a child.
Suddenly her heart throbbed with a great terror. She had lost her unwinding ball of twine. Whether she had brought it into the beautiful room she was unable to tell. She sought for the entrance in vain. The pillars, and curtains, and partitions of stal-agmits formed a bewildering labyrinth from which she could not extricate herself.

After several hours of fruitless wandering, she paused to rest and to consider the situa-She was weary, weak and discouraged. There was a suspicious choking in her throat, but, unlike most heroines, she did

not indulge in tears. As she grew calm, she gave vent to this soliloquy:

"Kate Arnold, you are in a scrape—a big scrape. You might have known that a woman alone is no wiser than a man alone. It's no use to make a goose of yourself and cry. It would only unstring your nerves and make your head ache. There's no sense in giving up, either. You've provision enough to keep you alive a week, and light enough to travel by Nobedw will think of looking here for you. You will have to trust in God and your own good sense to get out. And now, Kate Arnold, the best thing you can do is to eat a little, rest, and find a dry place to sleep and recruit your strength and sense. You're too weak and bewildered to find the way from the

barn to the house. She ate, and rested, and then laid herself down amid the choicest of nature's statuary, and fell asleep, calmly and trustfully, lost and alone in the great cave under the hill.

Kate's unexplained absence did not occasion any uneasiness at home until evening Even then, the family were not greatly troubled, so implicit was their confidence in Kate's ability to take care of herself. It was strange she had not told Dick of her going, also strange that she had missed the singing-school, and that none of the young folks had seen her; but, likely, she was spending the night at a distant neighbor's

They had made special arrangements to attend a pic-nic the next day, and when Kate did not appear in the morning, they became greatly alarmed. Dick rode about the neighborhood, searching and inquiring, but could learn nothing, except that Daddy Carter had seen her the morning before, go ing along the path leading to Pelton's

Pelton's ranche was five miles away, and had but one inhabitant, an enterprising young bachelor; it was not at all probable that Kate had gone there, but Dick went to see, not knowing what else to do. Of course he learned nothing, but he found that help which always turns up in stories, and frequently in real life, and which some people call "luck," and others "special Provi-

Frank Dudley was there. Wearied with eternal quill-driving in the hot editorial room of a Chicago paper, he had rushed off for two weeks' rest and cooling in Colora do, and had stopped off to spend a night with his old college chum, Jim Pelton. Now, this Frank Dudley was one of those men of brains," who, according to the erratic George Francis Train, are more plenty in Chicago and San Francisco than in an other cities in the world-"Men who would know what to do in an earthquake, a fire, or a shipwreck." Moreover, Dudley had a log with him that could trail equal to a bloodhound-indeed, a bloodhound was among his ancestors.

When Dudley heard Dick's story, he offered to find the girl, no matter where she was. He and the dog soon found the trail and traced it to the cave. After providing themselves with lights, Dudley and Dick entered, and followed the stretched twine while the dog pursued the more circuitou trail. When they came to where Kate lost the ball of twine they were obliged to follow the dog through the room where she was lost. It was there impossible to follow his circlings and doublings, but Dudley managed to keep near, and was at the dog's heels when he found the sleeping girl. Dudley had expected a coarse, strapping Amazon, and was so surprised to see a fair, slender girl, with an exquisite form, a pure,

lips which tempted him, that he stood and stared until Dick came up.

The bustle and light awakened Kate from

her long sleep, and she was soon herself again, insisting upon the young men seeing every stalagmite and stalactite before they But, she was inexpressibly thankful when they reached the sunlight.

There is no use in spinning out the sequel. You, sagacious reader, guessed it when Frank Dudley was introduced. You knew then, as well as I, that Dudley spent his vacation there instead of going on to Colorado; that Kate discovered undreamedof hights, and depths, and powers, in her nature; that, together they wandered into Paradise, found the beatitudes, and were glorified with-

"The light that never was on sea or land." To finish the story, it is only necessary to say that last summer, when the managing editor sent Frank Dudley to report on the conditions and prospects of Puget Sound, that individual stopped off again to see Jim Pelton, and when he resumed his journey, Kate went with him, and her name wasn't Kate Arnold.

## Tracked to Death: THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID, AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANCHE,"
"SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF." ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHAT BECAME OF HER. HELEN ARMSTRONG at first felt herself

elevated into the air, where for a time she was held suspended. Only for an instant— just long enough to see the boat pass on beneath. At the same time she caught sight of her sister, as the latter rushed upon the guards, and gave out a piercing shriek in

reply to her own.

As she herself screamed a second time, the thing grasping her suddenly relaxed its hold, and her next sensation was of falling from a giddy hight, till the fall was broken by a plunge into water. She experienced a severe shock, striking her almost senseless. She was only sensible of a drumming in her ears, a choking in the throat; in short, the sensation that precedes asphyxia by drowning.

The responsive shriek given out by both girls, and then continuously kept up by Jessie, brought the passengers rushing out of the saloons, a crowd collecting upon the stern-guards.

ome one overboard!" was the thought, and the cry that rung through the vessel. It reached the ear of the pilot, who, instantly ringing the "stop" bell, caused the pad-dle-wheel to suspend its revolutions, bringing the steamer to a sudden stop. The strong current, against which she was at the time contending, contributed to its sudden-

Meanwhile, Jessie, the only one who had witnessed the mysterious catastrophe, was too much awed by its mystery to give any intelligible explanation to it. She could frantically exclaim:

"My sister! carried up into the air! She has fallen into the water! Oh, save her! "In the water-where?" asked a voice.

whose tone spoke of a readiness to respond "Yonder-there-under that great tree. She was in the air first, then dropped down into the river. I heard the plunge, but did

not see her after She has tom. Merciful Heavens ter! Where are you?" Merciful Heavens! Oh, Helen-sis The people were puzzled by these incoherent speeches. Both passengers above, and boatmen on the under-deck, were alike

mystified. They stood as if spellbound Fortunately, one of the former had retained his presence of mind, and along with it his coolness. Fortunately, too, he had the courage to act under the emergency; as also the capacity, being a swimmer of the first class. It was he who had asked the question "Where?"—the young creole, Louis Dupre. He only waited to hear the answer; while it was being given he hurriedly divested himself of his coat and footwear. In evening costume, his shoes were easily kicked off, white waistcoat and coat tossed aside at the same time. Then, without staying to hear half the given explanation, he sprung over the guards, and swam

toward the spot pointed out. 'Brave, noble fellow!" was the thought of Jessie, her admiration for the man-now her acknowledged suitor-for the moment making her forget the peril in which her

But it now seemed less. Confident in her lover's strength, believing him capable of any thing, she felt almost sure that Helen

sister was placed.

She stood, as did every one else upon the steamer, watching with earnest, anxious Hers were more; they were flashing with wild, feverish excitement; giving glances of hope at intervals alternating with the fixed gaze of fear-the expression of her features changing in correspond-

There might be wonder at her hopes, but none at her fears. The moon had sunk to the level of the treetops, and the bosom of the river was in dark shadow, darker by the bank where the boat was now drifting. But little chance there was to austinguish an object in the water—less for one swimming upon its surface. And then the river was deep, its current rapid, its waves turbid and full of dangerous eddies. In addition, it was a spot infested; well known to be the favorite haunt of that hideous reptile, the alligator, with the equally-dreaded gar-fish—the shark of the south-western rivers. All these things were in the thoughts of those who stood bending over the stern-guards of the Belle of Natchez; causing them anxiety for the fate, not only of the beautiful young lady who had fallen overboard, but the handsome, courageous gentleman who had plunged in, and was swimming on to

Anxiety would be a light word—a slight, trivial feeling—compared with that throb-bing in the breast, and showing itself in the countenance of Jessie Armstrong. Hers was the torture of suspense, of fear; gradually growing into the acute agony of despair, as time passed, and the rescuing swim-mer returned not, nor was any thing to be seen of him in the shadowed water. her father, standing by her side, could do little to comfort her. He, too, was para-

lyzed with anxiety.

The steamer's boat had been manned, and set loose as quickly as could be done. It truthful verdict.

was now right over the spot where the swimmer had been last seen, and all eyes were turned upon it—all ears listening to catch a word of cheer.

Not long had they to listen. From the shadowed surface of the river came a shout sent up in joyous tones: She's saved!

Then quickly after, spoke a rough boat-"All right! We've got'em both. Throw

us the rope?" The rope was thrown by ready hands, after which came the command, "Haul in!" A light, held high upon the steamer, flashed its beams down into the boat. Sup-ported against its stern seat could be seen a lady, in a dress that had been white, now discolored by the red ocherous water still dripping from its skirts. Her head rested

upon the knees of a man, whose scant garments were similarly saturated.

The lady appeared lifeless; and the first sight of her elicited an exclamation of sorrow from all upon the steamer.

The sadness continued but for a short time. A few minutes after she had been carried to her state-room, there came from it the report that Helen Armstrong still lived, and was out of danger. The old colo-nel himself imparted to his fellow-passengers this intelligence—joyfully received by every one of them.

Inside the state-room of the convalescent, after the old colonel had gone out, there was a little scene between the two sisters, with a conversation worth repeating.

The younger commenced it by saying: "Tell me, Helen! Dear sister, don't be afraid to speak the truth. Why did you jump overboard?"
"Jump overboard! What are you talk-

I declare I don't know myself. It seems such a mystery, all of it. I saw you for some time up in the air, as if supported there, like an angel, on wings. I could almost make oath I saw you in that way. Of most make oath I saw you in that way. Or course it could only have been my fancy, frightened as I was at seeing you fall overboard. After that you appeared to drop straight down, your white skirt streaming after; and then I heard a plunge. Oh, Helen! it was fearful; both the fancy and the reality. What did it mean?"

"That was just what I was asking myself at the time you saw me suspended in

self at the time you saw me suspended in the air; for I was so, dear Jessie. I soon afterward arrived at the explanation of it. Though puzzling me then, as it does you still, nothing could be more simple."

But what was it?" "But what was it?"

"Well, then, it was this: As I stood leaning over the guard-rail, I was suddenly carried away from it, as if by a pair of strong, bony arms. After keeping me awhile, they released me from their hold, letting me fall right into the river, where certainly I should have been drowned but for..."

"For Louis-dear Louis!" "Ah! Jessie; I don't wonder at your admiration. He deserves it all. I am envious, but not jealous. I can never know that

"Dear sister! do not think of such a thing. Don't you see you haven't yet explained the strangest part? What carried you into the air? You speak of a pair of arms. What kind? To whom did they be-

To a ghostly cypress-tree. Yes, Jessie, that is the explanation of what mystifies you, as it did me for a while. I know all about it now. A great outstretching limb, forked at the end, had caught the steamer somewhere forward, and got bent down. It caught me also just as it was again, and gave me the good ducking I've had. Now you know all."

joy thrilled through Jessie's heart on receiving this eclaircissement. was no longer troubled with a suspicion hitherto distressing her. Her sister had not intended suicide!

## CHAPTER XXII.

A BACKWOODS JURY IN DELIBERATION.

THE men who, after the second day's search, had returned to Mrs. Clancy's cottage, were few in number; being only her most intimate friends and well wishers. Most of the searchers had gone direct to their own homes.

Soon, however, the news spread abroad that the mother of the murdered man was herself stricken down. This, giving a fresh stimulus to sympathy, as well as curiosity caused all to assemble anew-many starting from the beds to which they had betaken themselves after the day's fatigue.

Before midnight there was a crowd around the house, greater than any that had yet collected. And of the voices mingling in conversation, the tone was more excited than angry. It was only subdued in the presence of that corpse, lying cold upon its couch, its pale face turned appealingly to-

ward them. From the dead there was no need of any appeal to cause a demand for justice. Many of the living were loudly calling for it; and close to the chamber of death, a knot of men, with their heads near together, were discussing the ways and means of obtaining

In such cases there are always men who command. It may not be from any superiority of rank or wealth. In the hour of need the rightful chieftains-those whom God designed should lead-are recognized, and become acknowledged.

The group, composed principally of these, stood in front of the cottage, debating what was best to be done. It was a true back-woods jury, roughly improvised, and not confined to twelve, for there were more than twenty taking part in the proceeding. They had come together by a sort of tacit and common consent, and by the same had a foreman been appointed-Simeon Wood-

The question in debate was at first twofold: Had Charles Clancy been murdered? And, if so, who was his murderer? The fold: ormer was soon decided in the affirmative. No one had the slighest doubt about the crime having been committed. The conjectures of all were turned toward the crim-What proof could be brought forward to fix it on the man that day arrested, and who was now lying in the county jail, to await legal trial?

Every sign seen by any of the collected crowd, every incident that had transpired was as calmly discussed, and carefully weighed by this rough, backwoods jury, as if it had been composed of the twelve best men to be found in the most civilized city Perhaps with more intelligence—certainly with as much determination to arrive at a

They discussed not only occurrences of which they had been made aw re, but the motives that might lead to them. these last came prominently up the relations that had existed between the two men. There had been nothing hitherto known to tell of any hostility, that might lead to the commission of such a crime.

There was little said about Darke's relations with the family of the Armstrongs, and less of Helen Armstrong in particular. It was suspected that he had sought the hand of the young lady; but no one thought of Clancy having been his rival. Up to that time Colonel Armstrong had maintained a proud position. It was not likely he would have permitted his daughter to think of matching with a man circumstanced as matching with a man circumstanced as Charles Clancy.

Charles Clancy.

Clancy's love secret had been carefully kept. None were privy to it; a few only suspecting it—among these his mother.

Had the deliberating backwoodsmen but known that he had been Darke's rival suitor, still more, the successful one, it would have given a different turn to their deliberations—almost the key to the crime. Than such motive, nothing points more surely to murder.

Had Helen Armstrong been herself present among them, or near—anywhere that she could have had tidings of the tragical events exciting the settlement—there would have been no difficulty about their coming to a conclusion. The self-constituted jury would, in all probability, have been told something to elicit from them a quick verlict, an equally quick sentence, with, perits instant execution.

But Helen Armstrong was no longer there
—no longer near. By that time she must
have been hundreds of miles from the place,
she and all related to her. Any secret she
could have revealed was not available for the trial going on by the widow Clancy's

And, as no one suspected her of having such secret, her name was only mentioned incidentally, without any thought of her being able to throw light upon the dark mystery they were endeavoring to make clear.
For several hours they remained in deliberation, weighing the testimony that had been laid before them.

The circumstances that seemed to fix the guilt upon Darke were repeatedly passed in review, and still they did not bring conviction—at least, not complete. No one of them but might have been compatible with his innocence. A bullet fitting a smooth-bore fowling-piece, however exactly, was not of itself testimony sufficient to hang a man, even though Clancy's body had been found and the ball in it. Both these condi-tions were wanting to the chain of evidence. The body had not been found, and the bul-let was only buried in the bark of a cypress-

The blood which it had carried with it into the wood was evidence of its having first passed through living flesh—whether that of man or animal could not be decided.

The bullet-hole through the skirt of Darke's coat, connected with Clancy's gun having been found discharged, looked more like something from which a deduction could be drawn, unfavorable to the accused. Of this he had offered no explanation. After his arrest he had preserved a sullen silence, and refused to answer interrogato-

"You're going to try me," he said, in answer to a question put by one of the sher-iff's party; "'twill be time enough then to explain what appears to puzzle you."

The worst appearances against him had been his own behavior, as also that of the

dog-both, to say the least, exceedingly sus-picious. Of the latter he had given an explanation upon the ground; though it had failed to satisfy these of the searching par-ty who were most prone to suspect him. And, now that time had elapsed, and they had sufficiently reflected upon it, his explanation seemed still less like the true one, His having once chastised Clancy's dog might, naturally enough, make the animal afterward spiteful toward him. But why had this spite not been shown while they were around the cottage, before setting out on the search? Why was it only made manifest, and in such bitter fashion, after they had arrived under the cypress-beyond doubt the place where the dog had last looked upon its master?

Although still nothing more than circumstantial, to many of those engaged in the inquiry, this bit of testimony appeared almost conclusive of Durke's guit.

During the deliberations an additional item of evidence was contributed by Sime-on Woodley, conjointly with Ned Heywood. It was that relating to the footprints which the former had observed by the swamp edge. Since the arrest, these men had gone thither, taking Darke's boots, which Woodley had surreptitiously secured, along with them. Like the bullet to the barrel of his gun, his boots were found to fit the tracks exactly. No others could have made those marks in the mud. So certified the two

It was another link added to the chain of circumstantial evidence, still further strengthening the testimony against the accused

As these facts were brought forward, one after another, the group of deliberators seemed gradually subsiding into a fixed belief, likely soon to end in some sort of action. No resolve, however, had as yet been formed, when the little clock on the mantel struck twelve, midnight—not always a merry hour, but that night more than ever sad in the cottage of the Clancys.

#### CHAPTER XXIII. A VOLUNTARY WITNESS.

THE tolling of the clock seemed the announcement of a crisis. For a time it silenced the voices of those conversing, both inside the house and out. And scarce had the last stroke ceased to vibrate on the still night air, when a new voice was heard, one that had not yet taken part in the delibera-

gate.
"Mass' Woodley in da?" spoke some one, interrogatively; the question addressed to the group gathered in front of the house. "Yes; he's here," simultaneously answer-

tions. It sounded as coming from the road

Kin I 'peak a wud wif you, Mass' Woodley?" again asked the inquirer at the gate.
"Sartinly," said the hunter, separating from the others and striding toward the

"I reck'n I know that voice," he added. on drawing near. "It's Blue Bill, ain't it?"
"Hush, Mass' Woodley! For Goramity's sake doan 'peak out ma name. Not fo' all de wild let dem people hear it. Ef dey do, dis nigga am lost."

"Why, Bill; what's the matter? Why talk so mysteerous? Is thar any thing wrong? Oh! now I think o't, you're out from the quarter after time. Never mind, my boy; I'll not betray you. But what hev ye come about?"

"Foller me, Mass' Woodley; I tell yer all. I dacent 'tay hya, lees some ob dem folk see me. You kum little way from de house, into de wood groun'! den I tell you wha' fotch me out. Blue Bill hab something say to you berry partickler. 'Tam a t'ing ob life an' def."

Woodley did not stay to hear more: but, lifting the latch, quietly drew open the gate and passed out into the road. Then following the negro, who flitted like a shadow before him, the two were soon standing under cover of some bushes that formed a strip of thicket along the side of the road.
"Now, what is it?" asked Woodley of the

coon-hunter, whom he well knew from hav-

ing often met him in his midnight rambles.
"Mass' Woodley, you wants know who killed Mass' Charl' Clancy?"
"Why, Bill, that's the very thing we're all talkin' 'bout, an' tryin' to find out. In coorse we want to know. But who is thar to tell us?"
"Dis piece."

Dis nigga. "Air ye in airnest, Bill?" "So much in earness dat I ha'n't got no chance go sleep till I hab reveal de secret. De ole ooman neider. No, Mass' Woodley, Phæbe she no let me ress till I do dat same. She say it am de duty ob a Christyun man, an' we boaf b'long to de Methodies. Dar-fore, I now tell ye, de man who killed Charl' Clancy am my own massa—the young un—

"Bill! are ye sure o' what ye say?"
"So shoo I kin swa it as de troof, de whole troof, an' nuffin but de troof."

"But what proof have ye?"
"De proof! I most see'd it wif ma own eyes. If I didn't see, I heerd it wif ma own

ears."
"By the 'tarnal! this looks like cl'ar evydince at last. Tell me, Bill, all that you

see'd an' what you heern?"

The reader already knows both what
Blue Bill saw and what he heard.

In ten minutes after Simeon Woodley
was equally well acquainted with it; the coon-hunter having given him a full detail of all that had occurred on that occasion when his coon-chase was brought to such an unsatisfactory termination.

To the backwoodsman it was not a surprise. He had already arrived at a fixed conclusion, and Bill's revelation was in correspondence with it.

On hearing it, he but said:
"While runnin' off, your master let fall a letter, did he? You picked it up, Bill? Ye've got it?"
"Hya's dat eyedentikil dokyment."

The negro handed over the epistle, the photograph still inside it.

"All right, Bill! I reckon this oughter make things tol'ably cl'ar. Now, what d'ye want me to do?"

want me to do? "Lor', Mass' Woodley! You knows bess.
I'se needn't tell ye dat. Ef ole Eph'm
Darke hear wha dis nigga hab been an' gone
an' dud, de life ob Blue Bill wouldn't be wuth a ole coon-skin—no; not so much as a corn-shuck. I'se get de cow-hide ebbery hour ob de day and de night too. I'se get flog to def, satin' shoo."

"Yur right than, I reckon," rejoined the hunter and then continued reflectively.

hunter; and then continued, reflectingly: "Yes; you'd be sarved putty sevare if they war to know on't. Wal, it mus'n't be, and won't be—that I promise ye, Bill. Your evydence wouldn't count for any thin' in a law court, nohow. Tharfor, we won't bring ye forrad; so don't you be skeeart. I bring ye forrad; so don't you be skeeart. I guess we shan't want no more testymony, and thar ain't likely to be any cross-kwestenin' lawyers in the case. Now, d' you slip back to yur quarters, and gi'e yurself no furrer consarn. I'll see you shan't git into any trouble. Durned ef I don't!"

With this emphatic promise the old deer

With this emphatic promise the old deer and bear hunter separated from the less pretentious votary of St. Hubert; as he did so, giving the latter a squeeze of the hand that told him he might go back in confidence to the negro-quarter and sleep by the side of his sable spouse without fear.

#### CHAPTER XXIV. CONVINCING EVIDENCE.

With impatience the backwoods jury awaited the coming back of their foreman. With impatience; for, before his leaving them, they had well-nigh resolved upon a verdict, with a sentence, and the mode of carrying it into execution. One after another had stepped across the threshold of the cottage, entered the chamber of death, and looked upon the corpse of Clancy's mother—whom they all regarded as having

been murdered, as much as her son. And one as another, after gazing on that pale face, that seemed making its mute appeal to them for justice-for vengeance came out muttering a vow that there should be both; some loudly vociferating it, with the emphasis of an oath.

It did not now need what Simeon Woodley had in store to excite them to instant action. Already were they sufficiently inflamed. The furore of the mob, with all its maddened vengeance, had been gradually permeating their minds, and had almost

reached its culminating point.
Still had they sufficient calmness to keep them patient a little longer, and hear what Woodley had to say. They knew, or suspected, that he had been called from them on some matter connected with the subject under consideration. At such a time who would have dared interrupt their deliberations for any trivial purpose? Although none of them recognized Blue Bill's voice, adroitly disguised as it had been, they knew it was that of a negro. This, however, was no reason why the hunter should not have received some communication likely to throw fresh light on the affair; and, once more gathering around him, they demanded what he had to tell; then respectfully lis-

He told them all he had heard, without making known who was his informant, or in any way compromising the brave fellow with a black skin who had risked life itself

by making disclosure of the truth.

To this the old hunter only referred in a slight manner. They all understood its significance, and none pressed him for more

minute explanation.
"My informant," he said, after finishing the chapter of occurrences communicated by the coon-hunter, "has given me the letter dropped by Dick Darke, which, as I've told ye, he picked up. Here it is. Preehaps it may throw some more light on the matter; though I guess you'll all agree wi' me that the thing's cl'ar enough already. They all did agree. A dozen voices had

already declared, were still declaring it; most of them shouting out, "What need to talk any more? Charles Clancy's been killed—he's been murdered! Dick Darke's the man that did it!"

It was not now from any lack of con-vincing evidence, but rather a feeling of curiosity, that prompted them to call for the reading of the letter the hunter held in his hand. Its contents might have no bearing

upon the case. Still there could be no harm in knowing what they were.

"You read it, Henry Spence! You're a scholart, an' I ain't," said Woodley, handing the letter over to a young fellow of learned look, the schoolmaster of the settlement.

Spence took the letter stepping close up

Spence took the letter, stepping close up to the porch, into which some one had carried a candle. Holding the epistle before the light, he first read the superscription, which was in a lady's handwriting. "To Charles Clancy," he said. "Charles Clancy!"

Half a score voices pronounced the name, all in a similar tone—that of surprise. One

Was that letter dropped by Dick "It was," said Woodley, to whom the

question was addressed.

"Have patience, boys!" urged an elderly
main. "Don't interrupt till we hear what's

They all took the hint, and remained si-

But when the envelope was laid open, and a photograph drawn out showing the portrait of a young lady recognized by all as the likeness of Miss Armstrong, there was a fresh outburst of exclamations beto-

kening renewed surprise.
On the inscript being read—"Helen ARMSTRONG, FOR HIM SHE LOVES"—it began to assume a significant shape. The letter was addressed to Charles Clancy; to him the picture must have been sent. A love affair between Miss Armstrong and the man who had been murdered! A new rev-

elation to all, astounding as significant!

"Go on, Spence! Read the letter!" called out an impatient voice.

"Yes, read the letter! We're on the right track now, I reckon," added another.

The epistle was taken out of the envelope. The schoolmaster, unfolding it, read aloud the contents, already before the reader.

"And that letter was found on Dick Darke?" questioned a voice from the crowd, as soon as the reading had come to an end and the name of the writer been announced.
"It war dropped by him," answered
Woodley; "and therefore ye may say it Woodley; "and twar found on hin."

You're sure of that, Simeon Woodley?" "Wal, a man can't be sure o' a thing un-less he sees it. I didn't see it myself wi' my own eyes. For all that, I've had proof cl'ar enough to convince me; an' I'm ready to stan' at the back o' it."

"Durn the letter!" exclaimed one of the impatient ones, who had already spoken; "and the picter, too! Don't mistake me, boys. I ain't refurrin' eyther to the young lady as wrote it nor him she wrote it to. only mean that neither letter nor picter are needed to prove what we're all wantin' to know, an' do know. They arn't, nor warn't required, nohow. To my mind, from the fust go, nothin' ked be clearer than that Charley Clancy has been killed, 'cepting as to who killed him—murdered him, if ye will; for that appears more like what's been done. Is there a man on the ground who don't know the name o' the murderer?

The interrogatory was answered by a unanimous negative, coupled with the name

Dick Darke. And along with the answer commenced a significant movement throughout the crowd. Threats were heard—some muttered, some spoken aloud-while men were observed looking to their guns, and scattering off to-ward their horses, that stood hitched along

the roadside fence.
In ten minutes after, these horses were in motion, with riders upon their backs, moving along the road between Clancy's cottage and the county town-the county jail. They formed a cavalcade, if not regular in line of march, terribly imposing in its as-

Could Richard Darke, inside the cell where he was confined, have but seen those marching horsemen, heard their threats, and witnessed the excited gestures that accom-panied them, he would have shaken in his shoes, and with a trembling worse than any ague the swamp fever could have given

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 97.)

## Linda's Discovery.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

I Do wonder if I really love him?"

Rather a doubtful question it was that Linda Cameron asked herself, as she sat leaning her pretty little head on one dainty hand, from which the sleeve fell away to the elbow, displaying as faultlessly modeled an arm, as white, round and plump as a

Her eyes were a perfect miracle of anxious thought, as they were bent intently on the snow-bound walks just outside the window she didn't seem to be seeing any thing, unless it were the thoughts that were crowding through her busy brain.

And, in truth, Miss Linda Cameron had a very important question to settle that very day; no less a question than to tell Harry Jenner whether or not his offer of marriage

was to be accepted or refused. Harry Jenner might or might not have been flattered had he seen the cunning little frowns on Linda's white forehead as she thought it all over; perhaps he would have agreed, with many other sensible people, that a girl, who really loved, did not require moment's decision; but then, for all Linda's bright, piquantly saucy ways, she was not much given to impulsiveness, and now, for the very reason that she could not at once tell her own mind regarding Mr. Harry Jenner, she wisely concluded to inquire of her heart very closely before she

surrendered it to him, or refused it forever.

She was perfectly satisfied with this lover of hers on several points. Neither she or any one else could pretend to deny that Harry was remarkably good-looking; even now, Linda's heart fluttered at the memory of the ardent beauty in his black eyes when he bent them on her own sweet face in such a devoted, passionate sort of way that seemed to look her through and through.

But, then, it was not those eyes alone, but his short, waving black hair, that never was disarranged, and that yet never bore the faintest trace of premeditated arrangement; thick, massive hair, that curved down over

his forehead somewhat, then appeared to go back of its own accord, in loose, graceful

But better than those personal charms, in Linda's eyes—and I am a little inclined to think it was an especial weakness of hers was the air of style and dash Harry wore so perfectly. It was impossible to embar-rass him, no matter what the circumstance or combination of circumstances; he always was the same easy, graceful, gentlemanly fellow, with a laugh and a gay word for

Linda was thinking of all this as she sat curled up in the green rep arm-chair by the window with her head on her hand; and I am fain to confess that as she pictured Harry's external attractions to herself, his chances of her acceptation of him increased accordingly; for Linda Cameron, like many another girl, wanted a "handsome" hus-

"So you are going to marry Harry Jenner, eh?"

And old aunt Elsie peered at Linda from over her steel-bound spectacles with eyes, though sunken and faded, yet as keen and bright as they had had been a score of years earlier.

She was a jolly, clever old lady, aunt Elsie Cameron, and not an old maid either, for all she wore the most precise of white net caps, with white satin strings, that were precisely three-quarters of a yard long and an inch and a half wide; and the most Quakerish of dove-colored siks.

Linda dearly loved aunt Elsie, and hailed her annual visit of the last fortnight in January as only a motherless girl can who yearns for somebody of her own sex to "talk to" and "tell things to" that are too

sacred for even friendship's ears. So of course Linda had told aunt Elsie all about Harry and Harry's elegance and style, and Harry's proposal—and her own almost completed decision.

Aunt Elsie listened very attentively and sympathizingly while Linda enlarged on her handsome lover's fine points; and then, when she had finished, and awaited a reply with flushing cheeks and star-bright eyes, she was not a little astonished at aunt

Elsie's quiet reply.
"I am afraid I shall not like him, dear. I am afraid he is too vain to be a true man, and I am sure you would not want for a husband a man who thought only of his looks and manners. Is he intelligent?"
Linda's eyes flashed a little at that ques-

"Indeed he is—or how could he converse so finely? Why, aunt Elsie, he can repeat whole poems from Tennyson." A curious little smile flashed over aunt Elsie's lips and behind her glasses; a smile,

half-contemptuous, half-pitiful. "Yes, dear, but the one may arise from a good memory, and the other from much observation and a well-developed organ of self-esteem, that lends assurance and—suc-

Linda's red lips pouted a little.
"You have been prejudiced, auntie. Of course if you are determined to see no good qualities in Harry, I may as well say no more about him.

"I never even heard his name before today, Linda, child. I am not trying to discourage you, only I feel so sure he is not the man for you. I am so confident of this, from your own loving description, too, that I am tempted to try to prove my words.'

"If you can, I am willing to listen."
But Linda smiled proudly, as she spoke, at the idea of such a gentleman as Mr. Jenner being inquired into.

Aunt Elsie saw the smile, and resolved to

make her suspicions good, if it were at all "Give me till dinner-time, Linda-it's one

now—and before Mr. Jenner calls this evening for his answer I will tell you the result The cuckoo clock on the mantel, over the

grate, had sung six as Linda entered the dining-room, to find aunt Elsie placidly knitting under the chandelier. Linda had changed her dress for one more elaborate—a green-trained Irish pop-

lin, that was very becoming to her. had gathered one pink rose-bud and three or four geranium leaves from her plants in the bay-window, and laid them lightly above her forehead, on her bright-brown hair that she had arranged Pompadour, and slightly crepe.

She was very pretty, and quite nervous as she walked over to aunt Elsie, and looked down in her face. Date 

"Well?" Aunt Elsie laid aside the cherry and chinchilla pulse-warmer she was knitting for Mr. Cameron, and gazed up in the piquant, scarlet-stained face that was so fraught with questioning eagerness.

"Linda, child, my suspicions are confirmed. Shall I tell you all?"

A shadow flitted over Linda's face. "Of course I want to know what there is bad about him." "Perhaps you will not think it absolutely bad, but I am sure you will agree with me that a young gentleman who owes for six weeks' washing and ironing, and spends twice that amount on flowers and chromos

for you, is not a true nobleman." Linda flushed a little. "Oh! is that all he has done so terrible?" Aunt Elsie would not notice the sarcasm in her voice, but went on, quickly:

'I think that is very bad, indeed. But, his landlady—of I learned all these particulars, and whom I found to be an old equaintance of mine—tells me he is in her debt nearly fifty dollars.'

"Then, why does she keep him?" Linda's voice grew tart.

"Because, like you, dear, she finds him so very pleasant and gentlemanly. She took me up in his room, too, Linda."

Linda gave a little cry of amazement.

"Oh, aunt Elsie! you never did that!"
"Why not? I am sixty-seven years old, and have your interest at heart. Yes, Linda, I went in his room, and there I discovered the key-stone I was after. Linda, dear, you would hardly go into such honest raptures over Mr. Jenner's fine figure, his splendid complexion and elegant hair if you saw

Linda was almost crying now, for aunt

Elsie was speaking very soberly.

"There were Mr. Harry Jenner's corsets, Linda, with which he makes his waist so slender and round. There were paints and powders, too, on his toilet table; and a pair of curling tongs on the mantel. And Linda,

her astonishment and disgust becoming too strong for her. She paced the floor several times with rapid, uneven steps, and then

paused before aunt Elsie.
"I sacredly believe every word of it, auntie; and I am much obliged to you."

Then, before the old lady could speak, her eyes flowed over with tears, and she hurried away to battle with herself.

It had touched her in a very tender spot, He was good-looking, and no doubt, as he bent over Linda's hand in such a tenderly,

loving way. And what is the answer, Linda, darling? Am I to have this dear hand? And then she drew her haughty little head proudly up and confronted him.

"Mr. Jenner, you are not to have me or my hand or my money. If you wish, I will pay your washerwoman's and boarding-house bills, but I utterly refuse to find you in paint, powder, corsets, curling-irons and

How her voice rung out! and while he looked at her a second in well-feigned incredulity, aunt Elsie stepped quietly for-

"Linda is correct, sir. I have had the honor of a call at your dressing-room during

vour absence. And with Linda's flashing eyes annihilating him, and aunt Elsie laughing ironi-cally, Harry Jenner made the most hastily ungraceful exit he ever accomplished.

And now, girls, a word in your ears, pri-

Just remember, when you are accused of all sorts of petty vanities, that men say you resort to to highten your charms and enslave their poor, susceptible hearts, just remind them that gentlemen have been known to indulge in such things, and yet not win their "ladies fair," after all.

## All's Well that Ends Well.

BY EVA EVERGREEN.

I'm sure that's a great comfort! for if the fate of most experiences was determined by their beginning, the majority of them would be doleful enough, I can assure you! And

now for an illustration of my theory. All the world knew, (or at least, all that part of the world who troubled themselves in any way about it,) that there did not live in all Lakeville, a prettier girl than Miss Nellie Johnson; and they were also unanimous in their verdict that a handsomer of more agreeable young man than John Shel-den could not be found for ten miles or

more from said village.

Now of course with that affectionate regard for the welfare of others that specially characterizes them, two or three of the head gossips of Lakeville felt it incumbent ipon them to put their sage heads together and announce, "what a nice match it would make if John Shelden was to marry Miss Nellie! they were just of a size, too, and would look so nice walking up to the altar together, and then they were well acqu ed with them, you know, and they would be sure to be invited."

Now, all these things considered, it would only have been manifesting a due regard for their feelings, if Miss Nellie and Mr. Shelden had made the so ardently desired match and especially as they were so often to-gether at picnics and parties, as to raise the opes of their friends to the highest point. But as several months went on, and matters seemed no more encouraging than they were at the beginning, the worthy gossips' visages lengthened perceptibly. "It was so strange that they would not come to the point! But perhaps he had proposed, and had been rejected! and yet they couldn't see what she wanted to do THAT for! she might be very glad to have him," etc.

Now the truth of the matter was, that Miss Nellie would have been not only very glad, but exceedingly delighted if the hand some John had propounded to her the allimportant question; for his constant attentions to her had produced an impression upon her susceptible heart, which would have made it any easy matter to have won her consent to be his; and the pretty dam-sel was perplexed and not a little vexed at his tardiness in coming to the desired

And now to tell another truth, (for truth is a most wholesome and refreshing condiment, and we can't have too much of it in these degenerate times,) the gallant John was full as much in love with Nellie as she was with him; he thought of her by day and dreamt of her by night; signed HER name to papers and documents instead of his own, and was very often obliged to write a whole letter over again, in conse quence of having made some such mistake. Why then did he not make known to Miss Nellie the feelings that agitated his manly bosom? Well, the truth is, (you see I am in a remarkably ingenuous mood to-day, and could fill an order for any amount of truths!) he was afflicted with bashfulness; the horrible fear that he might discover that his affection had not been returned, and that his offer might be "declined with thanks," prevented him from divulging his long-cherished sentiments.

Now wasn't this a most distressing state of affairs? However, "a bad beginning makes a good ending," so as this beginning was unusually bad, there were grounds for hope that it might turn out well after all. And so it did, as I, out of consideration for the breathless suspense under which you are no doubt laboring, reader, will hasten to re-

A grand picnic was to be held, in a wood about half a mile from Lakeville; the last picnic of the season, for the summer festivities were about over. All the girls of course were directed to look their prettiest, and the beaux were expected to be as gallant as possible, in order to make the day such a one as should linger in the minds of the fair sex, until the next summer brought a repetition

of like enjoyments. As Nellie had expected, the evening before it was to come off Mr. Shelden called upon her, and requested the privilege of escorting her the next day, which was readily given; and after a few desperate efforts to start a conversation upon general topics, all the while longing and yet dreading to speak of the matter uppermost in his mind, our friend John took his leave, muttering to

himself as he strode moodily nomeward:
"What a confounded fool I am! There I had a chance to speak to her to-night, and you will hardly believe me, but with my own eyes I saw a pair of false insteps lying beside his slippers."

Linda suddenly sprung up from her chair,

Linda suddenly sprung up from her chair,

speak to her to-morrow, and learn my fate,

whatever it may be!

The next morning dawned clear and bright. A merry group of girls and beaux were congregated in front of Farmer Martin's, from which place they were to start; and never did Nellie look more levely than then, in her tasty little picnic suit, and the pretty hat that shaded her piquant face, and the bright ribbons of which fell about her sunny curls. So thought John Shelden as he gazed lovingly and admiringly down upon the little white hand that rested upon

his arm.
Well, the party started, and soon reached the picnic grounds, were they engaged in various games. The morning wore away, and afternoon came on, and still the state of affairs as regarded our hero and heroine were as distressingly unpromising as ever. At last, screwing up his courage to its utmost, and bestowing any amount of compli-mentary epithets upon himself for his lack of it, Mr. Shelden turned to Nellie as they finished lunch, and said with attempted

carelessness:
"Suppose we stroll down to the lake, Miss Johnson. It is quite cool and inviting. Will you come?"

"Thank you, I will;" and springing up, Nellie took his arm, and they strolled off to-

They soon reached the desired spot, and seated themselves under a shady tree. Nellie threw off her hat, and played nervously

with its streamers.
"We have had a very pleasant time here, don't you think so?" Mr Shelden asked at "Yes, very;" Nellie smiled in reply.
"And it will be the last one of the season,

I believe.'

"I have enjoyed these picnics more this summer that I ever have before," pursued Mr. Shelden. "I don't know why, but it is

And so have I !" said Nellie, with some enthusiasm. "I am so sorry this is the last John was looking at her as she said this,

and as his eye caught the quick flush that sprung to her cheek, a sudden hope rose in "Why are you sorry?" he asked, bending

toward her. "Oh, because—" began Nellie; then feeling her voice grow unsteady, she paused,

"Won't you tell me?" John asked, still more earnestly. Nellie hesitated a moment, and then was ust about to speak, when a voice called, 'Mr. Shelden," and at the same instant one

of the party sprung down before them.
"I've been looking for you everywhere," he said; "I wanted to ask you to come and help me put up a swing. It won't take but

a few moments."
"Very well;" and not daring to look at Nellie, who appeared very much engaged in examining a flower at her feet, John hurried

No sooner were they out of sight, than Nellie, vexed at this untimely interruption, burst, girl-like, into tears.

"I wish Tom Ray had been in Guinea, before he had been invited here," she sobbed,

"to take Mr. Shelden off, just as he was about to—to—" but another burst of tears,

prevented further utterance. She was still sobbing when she heard footsteps, and quickly glancing up she saw that John had returned. As much disheartened as she was at the interruption, he had all but resolved not to make any more at tempts at love-making; but his feet had

spot where he had left her; and as his quick eye saw traces of tears upon her cheek, he bent suddenly down to her. What is the matter, Miss Johnson?" he

wandered almost unconsciously back to the

asked. 'Nothing!" Nellie managed to reply "Indeed, you are distressed; won't you tell me why?"

Nellie rose desperately to her feet, but Mr. Shelden placed himself resolutely in

front of her. 'Please to let me pass, Mr. Shelden!" she said, chokingly; but as she turned to dart past him, she tripped upon a stone, and would have fallen, had he not caught

her. Now John had never held Nellie in his arms before, and the sensation was so delightful that it inspired him with courage immediately; so that he not only supported her, but clasped her close to him; and not only that, but placed his hand gently under her chin; and not only THAT, but drew the tearful face toward his, and pressed a long, loving, triumphant kiss upon the rosebud

lips that had tempted him so often!

A vivid flush leaped to Nellie's cheeks, as she struggled to free herself from his arms.
"No, Nellie;" he said, gently, holding her
more closely than ever; "at last I hold you as I have been longing to, all these months! Do you not love to rest here, darling? does it give you the happiness it does me? Tell me that I may hold you so for life, my darling!" he continued, as she hid her blushing face on his shoulder; " and if you will bless my life by sharing it with me, raise your sweet lips, and give me a voluntary kiss!"
For a moment Nellie hesitated; then, with

her pretty face all aglow, she raised her lips to his, and—well, I believe they haven't finished, yet!

Early Trials of the Stereoscope.-An amusing story is related of the introduction of the stereoscope to some of the distinruished men of science in France. The Abbe Moigns carried the instrument to Arago; but he had a defect of vision, which made him see double, and on looking into the stereoscope he saw only a medley of four pictures. Savart was next introduced to the new invention; but he had only one eye, and, of course, was unable to appreciate it. Becquerel was next visited; but he was nearly blind, and felt little interest in the new optical toy. The Abbe next carried the invention to Pouillet. He was interested in the description of the apparatus; but an unfortunate squint prevented his seeing any thing but a blurred mixture of images. Lastly, Biot was visited; but he was a devoted advocate of the corpuscular theory of light, and could see no merit in the invention until he was assured that it would not contradict his favorite belief. That the stereoscope succeeded in gaining a firm hold among the French, in spite of the opposition it encountered among the savans, may be readily seen by any one who passes under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, in Paris. Some of the finest collections of stereoscopes and stereographs in the world are displayed in the picture-shops of this noted thoroughfare.

#### THE TEAMSTER'S STORY.

BY DAVID PAULDING.

Yes, stranger. I've seen queer things in my life; And the queerest of all was when I catched my wife. No; she didn't levant, nary a time, not much! That gal was true as steel; she wasn't none such. I mean, "when I catched her," when she said "yes," And made me the happiest man in Frisco then, I guess.

I nsed to drive a team from Marysville to Frisco; Never missed my journey, through rain or snow; Kitty's dad lived on ther route near Marysville— A good-hearted cass too, was this Red Eye Phil. He sold good red-eye at the ranche, and that's the

He got that title. His right name though, was Ray. One cold winter's night when my journey was done, I started to see Phil and have a night of fun; The trail was plain when I started, but it commenced

But I kept on till the trail was covered; then, whar I didn't know, for I soon lost sight of the track And tried for to turn 'round and make my way back.

There's no doubt about it, it made my heart quail When I found nothing to guide me, a perfect blind Then loud o'er the storm I heard a woman's voice cry,
And I knew by the sound some lost creetur was nigh.
I hastened my steps and soon, on the cold ground,
I came across Kitty Ray in her night-gown.

Yes, she'd walked in her sleep. Queer, but a fact; Out in the cold she'd woke up and, like me, lost the

out in the contained and the track;
track;
Hunted for shelter, and, gal-like, commenced to cry;
Squatted down in the snow and gave up to dic.
I off with my coat, wrapped it 'round her tight,
And we sat freezing together all that long night.

Morning came; we got up and started ahead,
Me carrying Kitty, both more'n half-dead—
I never carried a burden so dear, in my life,
For, during that night she'd agreedfto be my wife.
Stranger, we're neither one sorry, though we are old,
That her sleep took her walking that night in the
cold.

## Mad Agnes' Warning.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

DURING the summer of 1794, Colonel Jasper McDonald, while operating with Wayne in the punishment of the savages of Ohio, received a troublesome wound from a poisoned arrow, which necessitated his temporary retirement from active service, and according to the control of cordingly he retired to the house of a friend on the banks of the Maumee, and in sight of the British fort, Miami.

The attentions received from his friends spoke well for his speedy recovery, notwithstanding the amount of virus the barb had infused into his system, and he hoped to be with his veterans at the great battle which he knew was close at hand.

The Indians, as well as their British instigators, knew that McDonald was a host in himself, and one of the former, a scheming red Arab named Coocoochee, swore by the Great Spirit and the bones of his forefather.

thers, that the gallant American's voice should not be heard in the coming conflict.

Accordingly he plotted for the abduction if not murder of the officer; and the following narrative will inform the reader how the

arch-planner succeeded. It was the custom of McDonald to stroll to the banks of the Maumee every evening, and enjoy the rejuvenating atmosphere to be

found only there.

He never dreamed of danger, though he never went entirely unarmed.

A small number of the Indians in that section of the country at the period of which we write, professed friendship to the Americans, and Coocoochee with several of his braves joined them. He made frequent visits to the house whose hospitality Colonel McDonald enjoyed, and together the twain plotted how they might best aid Wayne in his perilous campaign.
All this fawning friendship on Coocoo-

chee's part looked to the accomplishment of his dark plans. Coocoochee has won other braves to his

views," said the savage one day to McDon-ald. "They would like to have a talk with their pale-face brother; but dare not come here

"Ah!" ejaculated the officer, at the thought of rendering his country service by weakening her enemies. "Would they not come to the banks of the Maumee? The savage's eyes lighted up with anticipated triumph, which he speedily extinguished, and said in his oily tone: They would meet their white brother on

the river-bank.'

"Just before the sun sets." "To-day?"

"Coocoochee has spoken. He will cross the river directly, and tell his braves. Let the white soldier appear where the swift water runs into the land, two hours before I will do so, Coocoochee," said McDon-

ald, eagerly. "Now be sure that you do not If Coocoochee fails to keep his word, look not in the sky for the sun. It will not

be there. The colonel saw the wily red-skin depart,

and made preparations to meet the Indians He did not inform the household of his

engagement, as their sympathies were not strongly centered upon his countrymen, and he thought it expedient to keep a quiet tongue in his head. His pathway led through a wooded slope,

and when upon the acclivity he perceived a girl seated upon a log at the foot of the slope, making a wreath from quantities of woodland flowers. The officer paused and gazed upon the

picture a long time. Though he had never beheld the face before—a face of angelic loveliness, but, oh! so sad—he knew that it belonged to a poor creature whom the people called Mad Agnes. Years before, thwarted in first love by her parents, reason left its throne, and the harmless maniac fled to the forests, where

ever since she had lived. The Indian hunters dreaded an encounter with her, whom they believed an instrument some dire purpose in the hands of the Manitou, and fled like frightened sheep

whenever she chanced to come in sight. Often, at the hour of midnight, a low, plaintive song would zephyr its way throughout the forest, and break into a thousand mournful echoes far down the

glimmering Maumee It was Mad Agnes' song.

The making of the wreath promising to be an endless task, McDonald stepped forward, hoping to surprise the girl and speak to her. But the snapping of a dry twig be-neath his feet startled the maniac, and with a frightened cry, she darted to her

Suddenly the officer paused, for she was singing:

"They wait on the banks of the lucent stream, Where the water runs into the land; They wait on the banks of the lucent stream, A treach'rous red-skinned band!"

Every syllable of the mad singer's song fell distinctly upon McDonald's ears; and as the last note died away, Mad Agnes dis-

"Is it prophecy?" soliloquized the soldier. "If not, why would she sing thus? Ay, why? I can not believe Coocoochee a traitor; but that verse causes me to doubt his honesty. Yes," after a long pause, during which he had given himself up to profound thoughts regarding his position, "I will proceed, but shall be on my guard. And with the first sign of treachery from Coocochee, even a wink to one of his braves, I'll shout him down thought I will see the state of t I'll shoot him down, though I fall a corpse

the following second."

He seated himself upon the log lately occupied by Mad Agnes, and examined his pis-tols. New priming being sadly needed, he accordingly administered it and resumed his

journey.

When he emerged from the wood he discovered three Indians lying on the luxuriant grass a short distance from the inlet, at whose bank two birchen canoes, containing several braves, were moored.

The Indians on the sward noticed his approach, and rose to their feet. One of them was Coocoochee

He advanced and grasped the colonel's hand in a friendly manner, and introduced him to his brother braves, who desired to

assist in aiding Mad Anthony.

McDonald noticed that the Indians did not reseat themselves, and that the eyes of those in the boats were never taken off him. All this he thought savored of treachery, and he watched the movements of Cococa and he watched the movements of Coocoo-

chee with eagle eyes.
Suddenly he noticed the chief's hand about to describe a circle above his head, while his baleful eyes flashed upon one of the braves who stood at his left, toying with his tomahawk. Rightfully interpreting the sign, the forewarned soldier sprung back, as quick as thought his pistols flew from his bosom, and Coocoochee rolled upon the green, soul-

The smoke had not cleared away from the muzzle of the first pistol, when the second cracked, and a second brave followed Coccoochee. The remaining savage instantly dashed upon the colonel, and dealt him a blow upon the head which laid the skull bare, and stretched him senseless and bleed-

ing beside his victims Then with a yell of triumph the red victor drew his scalping-knife, and had caught the silver-tinged locks, when a singular cry smote his ears, and looking up, he beheld a young girl, with long raven tresses, rushing toward him.

toward him. "The Manitou's evil spirit!" he cried, instantly desisting from his diabolical purpose, grasping his rifle, and fleeing toward the boats, as Mad Agnes pillowed the colo-

when the Indians disappeared, which they did as soon as possible, the maniac brought water from the inlet, washed the gory brow, and saw McDonald restored to

Just at this moment the soldier's friends, having heard the report of the pistols, arrived upon the tragic spot, and one of them detained his preserver as she turned to seek her wooded haunt again.

She was taken to the dwelling, where, singular to relate, she recovered her reason, and forgot the clouded past. It is probable that she had overheard the

savages discussing their plans. The colonel's last wound proved to be very slight, and he recovered in time to be present at the signal victory of "The Fallen Timbers," where he lent Wayne invaluable

When McDonald returned east, Agnes Rogers — once "Mad Agnes"—accompanied him, and eventually married one of his

## Recollections of the West. Davy Crockett's Shooting-

BY CAPT. BRUIN ADAMS.

THE town of Nacogdoches was in a state of great excitement over the news from "the West."

Match.

The war of Independence (with Mexico) had been fairly inaugurated, and the sturdy backwoodsmen from the Brazos, Trinity and Neches bottoms were gathering to take part in the fray. Their long rifles were up-on their shoulders and their pouches filled with newly-run balls, every one of which was destined to "break ground" on the body of a greaser.

This expression of "break ground," or "bu'st the crust," was considered a huge joke by these bluff Texans, who declared that no bullet could enter the body of a Mexican, without first penetrating the halfinch of dirt that years of uncleanliness had

deposited there. As it was utterly impossible that these men could, even for a day, remain quietly in town, and, like other respectable citizens, dawdle away the hours until time to move by sitting on stile-blocks, door-steps and "store-boxes," an impromptu shooting-match was arranged, and the "crust-bu'sters" adjourned in a body to a neighboring grove, there to have a test of skill with their

"I did sw'ar," said one, "that nary a darned hunk of lead in this here pouch shed be wasted 'cept onto a greaser, nor they shan't, for I'll run 'em over ag'in, every cussed one

The idea was a good one and was generally adopted, and such a digging for batter-ed balls, after the match was over, was never seen before or since

They had been at it for an hour or more, and all but the crack shots-" the nail-drivers"-had dropped out, leaving the contest between them, when "a solitary horseman, mounted on the sorriest-looking steed that munched fodder, rode out of the timber near at hand, and drew rein just on the outskirts

Both horse and rider bore every appearance of having made a long and arduous

The latter was a man slightly above the average hight, of spare, but muscular build dressed out and out in buck-skin that had seen considerable wear and tear, and armed with the longest, heaviest, and most elaborately mounted rifle that had ever been seen in these parts. In addition to this weapon he wore in his belt a pair of long, rifled pis-tols and a broad-bladed bowie knife.

To the casual observer there was nothing

particularly noticeable in the stranger's appearance, save his eye, which was a dark gray, very large, and so keen in its expression, that, as one of the company said, "thur daywed this is in the company said," durned thing jes' bored a hole clean through

The advent of the stranger upon such a war-horse, was the signal for various witty and sarcastic remarks; for in that country, where every one owned and rode the very best of horses, there was nothing that would bring ridicule upon a man so quickly as for him to own, and be seen mounted on, even an indifferent one.

For a few moments the crowd stood silently regarding the new-comer and the sorry steed, and then they opened fire.

"Well I wish I may be shot ef ever I see sech a hose as that!" exclaimed a tall, redheaded settler, intently regarding the drooping steed.

'Hullo, stranger! hain't ther buzzarts

been a-fightin' uv yur on the road?" asked Why, Dave, them buzzarts ar' a-playin' seven-up for the critter, an' ther game hain't out yit!" shouted a third.

"Stranger, do it suck stumps fur a liv-in'?" earnestly asked another, coming close up, and feeling the animal's ribs tenderly. Him an' ther hoss must 'a rid an' tied turn about, or durn me if hit ever would reched hyar."

"Oh, pshaw! won't them greasers git up an' git when they sees them two a-comin'!" cried yet another.

And so the running fire was kept up, while the stranger, still seated upon the unfortunate animal, calmly regarded the

"Stranger, for goodness sakes do lite an' hang it up on a limb to rest!" kindly suggested the first speaker.
"Lots uv fun fur you fellers, ain't it?"

said the stranger, getting down and throwing the reins over the horse's neck, and looking around good-naturedly.

"Now, see hyar," he continued; 'I war bound to rech Nacogdoches to-day, an' this animal was the last one left; so you see it war pull Dick er leg it Davy, so I straddled ther frame an' dug out for hyar. I'm a-freezin' to git old Sweetness here in range of the greasers, but pertickiler do she hanker to be looked over at thet old one-legged cuss,

Santa Anner"
"Hooray, he's a trump. Darn the hoss!"
and the tide immediately set in the newcomer's favor.

He met all advances frankly and in good

humor, but there was a peculiar twinkle in his eye that, had they known the man, would have made them more cautious, per-

would have made them more cautious, perhaps, in what came after.

The crack shots resumed their target practice, and for half an hour or so used their rifles steadily, neither one gaining much the advantage over the other, as all chet closely.

In the interest of the match the stranger seemed to have, for the time, been forgot-ten, and he stood by, idly leaning upon his rifle, and apparently paying but little attention to what was going on.

Presently, however, he was accosted by

one of the marksmen, who had just broken

"How's thet, straunger?" he shouted, cavorting around in a kind of a war-dance, and delivering a stunning slap between the other's shoulders. "Who sez I hain't the ring-tail squealer uv the Brazos bottoms? Cl'ar the way an' let me shoot!" Then, suddenly changing his manner as he saw, suddenly changing his manner as he saw a quiet smile resting upon the stranger's face, he pranced up to him. "Mebby you think, straunger, as how you kin beat thet shootin' wi' thet gimerack pop-gun uv your'n!"

"Well, neighbor, I calls her old Sweetness, an' I wouldn't be much astonished if the provider western that the state of the service went that the state of the service went that the state of the sta

she could sweeten thet shot of your'n. You see, 'tain't plum center, and when a man only breaks center, he don't win whar I kem For a moment or two the hig backwoods-

man stared at the speaker in helpless sur-He never had been beat at shooting in his life, so he said, and here was a man with a

gingerbread gun saying he could sweeten him. It was too much for human, or Texas nature, and he opened.
"Yur kin sweeten me! Oh, 'tarnal 'tar-

nation! What ar' ther kentry a-comin' to when a man as rides sech a hoss as that stan's up an' sez he kin sweeten me. Hyar,

Bill, yur an' the fellers kem hyar, fur the Lord's sake!" The crowd quickly gathered around the two men, and the astonished settler again repeated the astounding proposition of the stranger sweetening him.

"Do 'ee mean, straunger, as how ther thing ken be did with that gun?" The question was inexpressibly scornful as the speaker pointed to the "gim-crack

pop-gun."
"Her name are old Sweetness, an' she
don't ever go back onto herself. She ar' a Kaintuck' gun, lock, stock an' barr'l, an' I

knows whar to hold her." That was enough. A perfect howl of astonishment went up at the bold defiance, for such they took it to be, and immediately bets of every kind were poured in upon the

He took it all coolly, merely shifting his pistols a little more in front, for some of the crowd were evidently much excited, while others, having made repeated trips to the big oak, where the whisky-jug was, were inclined to be a little fractious

Hold on! One at a time, an' you'll hold out longer!" exclaimed the stranger. "Don't fret; I'll try an' 'com'odate all on I'm from the Black Jack hills uv old Salt River, an', by ther everlastin' consti-tootion, I'll make somethin' bu'st in these

regeons afore I'm done!"

The stranger was beginning to get a little excited himself, and was now taking all bets, at fearful odds in his own favor, that were offered.

Rifles and their accouterments, horses whisky, bowie-knives, powder and ball, and a sprinkling of money were all in turn staked, and covered with an equivalent in Mexican dollars, of which the stranger seemed to have an abundance. So it went on, until every man present

who at all pretended to skill with the rifle, had staked either his horse, rifle, or both together, with the various other articles mentioned above. There had never before been a shootingmatch in the neighborhood where so much was at stake, or where one man was to hold

the field against a dozen or more of the best

shots in Texas. The news was quickly carried to town, and the entire population, men, women and children thronged to the grove to witness the unusual scene.

Taverns, stores, and even grog-shops, were incontinently closed, there being no-body left to buy or drink, and for once Nacogdoches was entirely deserted by its peo-

While the crowd were gathering, preparations were made to begin the match.
Sixty yards "off hand" and every man to
furnish his own target were the rules.

Twelve shots each, and the greatest number of "centers" to win, was the first proposition, but when they came to remember that the stranger was to shoot each man sepa-rately, they cut it down to half the number

The first match was between the red-headed woodsman and the stranger, red-head leading off with a ball that barely missed breaking the spot where the lines on the target crossed.

It was a good shot, and was greeted with wild shouts of applause, accompanied by jeers at the stranger.

The Texan delivered his six shots, four of which were "plum center," and the other two very close in.

The excitement was intense, for the target was a good one at that distance, so good, indeed, that there were few, if any, present who could beat it, and if the stranger should do so, then the remaining chances were all

While the other was shooting, he was observed coolly wiping out his rifle, after which he selected a bullet with much care, and loaded.

It was now his turn to shoot, and having placed his target where the others had stood, he stepped to the mark and prepared for the vertices. for the venture.

Firmly bracing himself, he slowly drew up the heavy rifle, which, having reached a level, instantly began "wobbling" at a fearful rate, at the sight of which the crowd burst into series of discordant yells, shouts of laughter, and jeering expressions.

"Stan' cl'ar, an' let ther Salt River squealer have ellow greese!"

er have elbow grease!"

"Durn'd ef he ain't a-goin' ter shoot a ring round thet target!"
"Travel fur Kaintuck, an' git in a holler log!" and various other such expressions were shouted on every side.

Still the rifle continued to "wobble," and presently the shot was made.
"Six inches from center," was the cry of the judges, and then the fun began anew.

"Any more greaser shiners, stranger?" asked his antagonist, and again the betting began, the stranger taking all that was offered as long as his money lasted.

Again he reloaded and took his place at

But a very decided change now took The ponderous weapon rose to its place with the regularity of machinery, and then settled as immovable as the trunk of the

great live oak that grew near by.

"Plum center," was the word this time, and so it was the next and the next, and so to the end of the five shots. If ever there was an astonished crowd,

that surely was the one.

Target after target was placed in position, and still the unerring "gimcrack pop-gun" told the same tale—always plum center—until all had been shot off. "Hyar's yur hoss, straunger," said red-head, bringing up the animal he had lost.
"He ar' a good 'un, an' I hates to part with

him powerful; but it sarves me right fur bein' sech a durned fool." Each man delivered over his losses fairly, until the lucky stranger was surrounded by a group of horses and mustangs, and in possession of rifles and "fixin's" enough

to have equipped a small company Leaping upon a stump, after all had been delivered, he declared his intention of mak-

ing a speech.

"A faint "hooray" greeted him, and then, amid a profound silence, he began:

"Take my word fur it, feller-citizens, an' don't never jedge nuther a man nor a gun by appearances. It won't work.
"I didn't kem to Nacogdoches on a shoot in' speculation, an' I hope thar ain't a man hyar as will get his back up when I sez them bets ar' all off. I know'd what I could do with thet gimcrack pop-gun, an' it ain't fa'r to hold the barg'in. All I wants is a good hoss to carry me to old Sam Houston. He sent fur me, an' I'm on my way. Who'll sell me his hoss?"

Amidst a perfect storm of yells and hoorays, a bargain was effected, and the stranger, dismounting from the stump, leaped lightly into the saddle on the back of his new purchase.

"One word more afore we parts. In all sech cases as this present, an' in ev'rything else, thar's one good rule to work by, an' ef you'll all foller it, you won't ever git fooled by a 'gimcrack pop-gun.'"
"What ar' it, stranger?" shouted the

crowd. Be sartin vur right, then go ahead." was the reply, as he grasped the reins and turned

to go.
"One word, stranger," called red-head. "What mout yur name be?"
"Davy Crockett," came back to the astonished ears of the crowd, and he was off like the wind for the seat of war.

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#### A CONTENTED MIND.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Although you hunt the world all through, You surely will not find A purer blessing, brighter gift, Than a contented mind. No matter what the fortune be, Or what the Fates deny,

The man who owns that article, Can not be made to cry. If business fails, or stocks go down, It's all the same to him; He's not disturbed about his hopes, Whether they sink or swim.

And though his wife is burning up,
That man can feel resigned,
And sit and smoke his pipe in peace
With a contented mind.

## The King's Jealousy: The Duke's Disgrace.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

THE queen was sitting in her chamber that night, surrounded by her ladies. The king had not visited her since the tournament, in which he had met with such signal

Francis was humiliated and enraged beyond measure. He had often fought incog-nito before, and had always been victorious. He little knew that the cause of his victories had been that he was recognized. It was the etiquette at court to be vanquished by the "Unknown Knight," and the king had grown inordinately vain of his prowess at arms, from his frequent successes. But all his vanity had been rudely shocked by his treatment at the hand of Bourbon, when the latter thought him to be De Vaudrey, and his defeat was tenfold more galling as received from one whom his own jealous fancy and De Vaudrey's hints had turned

into a rival in the affections of the queen.

Francis had not made his appearance at the evening's feast, but had sent word to the queen to preside in his place.

And therefore it became the duty of the Constable of France, in the exercise of his

office, to attend at the queen's right hand, to stand in front of the king's vacant chair, and to preside over the ceremonies at the orders of the queen.

It had been a gloomy feast.

The etiquette of the court prevented any allusion to the tournament, because, in the tournament, the king had been worsted. The courtiers were on pins and needles, nervous and apprehensive as to the proper way to treat Bourbon. He was the first

man at court. But-he had struck the king! True, it was in a tournament, when blows were free to all, but then he had done something the vain king never forgave. He had beaten him before the queen. So that the feast proceeded in solemn silence, and every one was relieved when the queen gave the

signal to leave the table. Her majesty looked piqued and angry. She was offended with the king for the way in which he had treated her.

'Does the king think I am a child?" she said, in an angry tone, to the Countess of St. Pol, her chief lady-of-honor. "He could at least send word in what I had offended him; and as a knight he has failed in courtesy, this day. What is the matter with him, countess? You ladies must know. Out upon this court etiquette, which surrounds me with mystery all the time, and alienates me from the king! Speak, countess, and tell me what you know."

The Countess of St. Pol looked at the

queen with a half-surprised manner. "Is it possible that your majesty is not aware of the cause of the king's anger?" she demanded, at last.

Ay, upon my soul!" said the queen, pas actely. "He spoke to me this morning as he has never yet spoken since we were wed. What have I done to be treated so,

Indeed, your majesty, it is not for me to say," said the countess, in a low voice, casting down her eyes; "but they do whisper that the king is jealous—"
"Jealous!" said the queen, angrily. "Of whom, and of what?"

the Constable de Bourbon, madam,"

said the countess, almost inaudibly.

The queen started and blushed deeply. Strange as it may seem, it had never entered her mind, young, lively and innocent as she was, that her gay, jesting words with the Constable had provoked the king's jealousy. Injudicious as ever, she took a rash step at

'Send for the Constable, countess," she said, suddenly. "Since my lord the king will not allow me to show courtesy to the best knight of his court, I will this evening inform the Constable that henceforth he must treat me as a queen, and not as a cousin, as indeed he has the right to. Summon him instantly.

The Countess St. Pol glided from the room with suspicious readiness. No sooner was she in the passage than she called to her a little saucy imp of a page, and whispered

Quick, Antoine, run to the Sire de Vaudrey, and tell him to come quickly to the place he knows of.

The lad nodded with a smile of intelligence, and scampered off. Then the countess proceeded on her way to another part of the castle, where she was aware that the Constable of France had his quarters, with the king's musketeers, around the private chamber of his majesty. She did not enter the hall of the musketeers. Such an errand would have been unfitting alike to her rank and sex. A crowd of pages as usual, were loitering around the door of the guard hall. and several of these immediately started up to obey the orders of the countess. one of these she gave a message, which sent the boy off into the hall in a great hurry. In a few minutes the clash of spurs was heard upon the flagging, and the steel breast-plate, and the lofty plumes of the Constable de Bourbon made their appearance. The countess beckoned to him, mysteriously, to come away with her, out of ear-shot of the pages. At the end of the hall

"Madam," he said, "I have gone as far as my duty allows me. What is your

"Her majesty, the queen, desires to see my lord the Constable," said the countess in a low voice, and with a meaning smile.
"If my lord is as brave to night as he showed himself to-day in the tournament, who knows what may happen?

Bourbon started slightl

can happen, countess? What has happened to-day is bad enough, Heaven knows. It will require all my influence with the king, and that of my iriends and family, to make him forget what I have done, however unwittingly. Why does the queen wish to see me? His majesty this morning appeared to distrust our friendship."

"His majesty is a fool" whispered the

"His majesty is a fool," whispered the countess, flippantly; "the queen wishes to see you. If you have the courage of a knight you will follow me." Bourbon bowed.

"Lead on, madam," he said. It was morning again. The king sat on his throne, once more surrounded by nobles. Before him was the Constable de Bourbon, with bare and bowed head, the picture of humiliation. The king's face was stern and

angry.

"Advance, De Vaudrey," he said, "and tell us what you know of the crime of his Royal Highness, the Duke of Bourbon, Constable of France! It is not often that a prince of the blood is put on trial for treasure. Speak De Vaudrey."

son. Speak, De Vaudrey."

The smooth and pliant De Vaudrey advanced, with a deprecating look on his

crafty face, and said:
"Indeed, your majesty, I would rather say nothing against the good duke, who has never harmed me, personally; but love for your majesty's welfare and the safety of the kingdom compels me to tell the truth against my will. Your majesty sent me last night, from your royal chamber, with a message to the Captain of the Musketeers whose duty it was to protect the person of the king, without a moment's absence, until relieved. The Constable was on duty. I entered the hall, but he was gone. One of the pages told me that the Constable had been seen going toward the queen's chamber alone. I followed him there, and beheld him on his knees to the queen's most gracious majesty, kissing her hand. No one was near them. I came away, and that is all

'Is this true, Bourbon?" asked the king,

There was a pause for a moment. Then the deep voice of Bourbon answered: "It is true."

"Ah!" said Francis, fiercely, "he confesses with his own lips desertion of his post and treason to his king. Who can show cause why he should not go to the

There was a dead silence, and the king

much fervor, that a wild yell of laughter greeted the speaker, and caused the coyotes a mile off to cease their barking. "What the thunder ar' yur larin' at. Ain't ever' word uv it truer'n gospile?" said

"Sartin, Davy, sartin; but what ar' wee-min got ter do wi' huntin' coons an' the

like?" asked an old ranger. "I war a-goin' to tell yer when you all went off yowltin' wuss'n them coyotes over

yander," replied Dave.
"You all knows that I kem from Ole Kaintuck, 'cause you mostly calls me arter her, an' I'm proud uv the name, but thar ain't none uv yur knows what a place it wur fur fun and divilment. In course yur doosen't, how shed yur.

"Well, when I war a-growin' up, I war borned an' riz down on the Coxe's crick settlement, thar war a lively set uv chaps a-comin' up along wi' me, you may de

'In them days our mammys an' the gals ef thar chanced to be enny in the fambly, used to make all the truck, weave it, yui know, what we wore on our backs-home spun they call it, an' it war fust-rate fur w'arin' too, on'y it woald ketch the burrs like blazes.

"Sech a thing as buck-skin fur w'arin' warn't hardly knowed uv in our settlement So onc't, when a feller kem along—a ped dler, as had a full rig uv it alreddy for put-tin' on, I jess went fur it wuss'n a hungry b'ar fur a bee-tree.

"Then the willian, he made me pay him four times es much es the things wur worth, an' then went off larfin' to hisself at the sucker he'd ketched

"That peddler forgot hisself an' kem back that way next season. Yes, he kem back, an' he went away, but his own mammy wouldn't 'a' knowed him arter leavin' Coxe's crick settlement.

'Them 'ere buck-skins! Why I kin see 'em till yit, all so whitish, yaller like, wi' fringin' all 'round an' over, an' great big horn buttons onto 'em es big es Mexikin

'How I did larf to myself when I sneak ed 'em up-sta'rs wi'out lettin' a livin' soul see 'em, an' spread 'em out, an' walked round 'em an' round 'em eekle to enny ole gobbler struttin' uv a frosty mornin'. An'

proud! Jess wait till I tell yur. 'But, I've been talkin' too fast. Yur see when I gits onto them buck-skins my mouth goes off half-cocked, kinder runs away wi' me, vur know.

"'Linsey jacket be durn'd!' sez I. 'I've got somethin' better'n that,' an' I jess took Suke up sta'rs an' show'd her them buck-

"You oughter seen that gal, Suke. went on 'bout 'em powerful, an' declaired thet Blair's goose war cooked to a sartinty, an' wound up wi' a reg'lar war-dance over

ther boards uv ther loft.

"Well, ther day uv ther corn-shuckin' kem 'round at last, an' a nice day it wur.

"I don't b'leeve I ever see it rain like it did thet day, an' it kep it up till plum night an' time to start fur ole Oliver's.

"'Twur over two miles ther an' I know'd

"'Twur over two miles thar, an' I know'd the trail would be muddy bad, so arter dressin' up, an' showin' off to ther folks at home, the ole woman like to 'a' hed a fit over 'em, I struck out through ther timber whar thar

war plenty uv grass an' no mud.

"It had stopped rainin', but ther black-jacks an' t'other bushes war drippin', so afore I got half a mile in the woods I war wet to ther skin from my middle down'ards. "I thought that war quare, fur I war allers told thet buck-skin'd turn water, but mine didn't, not much.

"By-em-by I felt my legs gettin' mon-strous heavy, an' afore long somethin' war draggin' about my feet, most trippin' me up

ev'ry step I took.

"At fust I thort it war a bresh stickin' to
my feet, but when I kem to feel down thar I diskivered it war my buck-skin briches.
"The water offen the bushes hed wet'em, an' they war stretchin'

"I see that wouldn't do nohow, fur they wur more'n a foot too long, so I gits out my knife an' trims'em off nice an' even the right length.
"I hadn't gone ther other half uv the

fust mile afore I felt 'em sloshin' about ag'in jess as much too long as they wur afore, an' out kem the knife ag'in.

"Fur a spell they wur all right, but by the time I re'ched ole Oliver's garden fence, down they wur ag'in, an' off kem anuther foot er more uv ther stretchy stuff. "I clim over an' took a look at myself

by the light what kem outer the kitchen winder, an' found I war all right. Ther briches warn't hurted a bit, an' fit splen-"They war shuckin' away in the barn when I walks in, an' took a stand nigh the door whar ev'ry gall an' feller thar could hev a good look.

"Yur oughter heard 'em! Why, the

weemin all quit shuckin corn an' gazed at me, Betsy 'mong ther rest, an' I could see

an' Iarfin' jiss' es loud es they did. My legs an' farfin' jiss' es loud es they did. My legs now felt awful, they war so tight, an' I'm sart'in thet ef I had a-draw'd my breath through them, I'd a-strangled to death.

"An' Betsy! How she did go on! Her an' thet dod-rotted, slick-headed Blair. By-em-bye I felt somebody te'ch me on the arm

an' sorter whisper so es ev'rybody in ther room could hear it.

"Davy, look at yer legs! an' look I "I don't reckin I'll ever forgit the sight I

see down thar'. "My legs from half-way bove ther knee wur es bar es ther day I wur born, an', what war wuss, they war fast gettin' in the same fix all ther way up. They wur as ha'ry a pa'r, too, es ever yur see, bow'd out wuss'n a par uv pot-hooks, an' red? Gee-

rusalem, warn't they red!
"One look war enuff, an' I made for ther door wi' a yell cekle to enny Comanche, knocked thet slick-headed cuss, who, so luck would hev it, got right in my way, clean through ther door uv a apple-closet, an' went out myself jess es I heard Betsy say somethin' 'bout my forgettin' ther red

By ther time I re'ched home I wus down right dead, an' afore I could skin my-self uv what war left uv ther buck-skin brich-

es, I war closer to it yet.
"Yur see, ther cussed things hed been dry tanned, an' ther wet made 'em stretch, an' I kep' cuttin' ther long end off till when they dried an' shrunk up nateral ag'in, thar warn't more'n six inches uv ther legs left. Thet finished me wi' Betsy an' ther rest uv ther gals. So I moved over to Bryant's settlement next day. I waited till I got a chance at thet peddler, which war next season, an' havin' durned nigh killed him, I sloped fur ther perrairies, an' I've been hyar

## Short Stories from History.

Heroic Deeds .- A corporal of the 17th Dragoons, named O'Lavery, serving under Lord Rawdon in South Carolina during the American war, being appointed to escort an important dispatch through a country pos-sessed by the enemy, was a short time after their departure wounded in the side by a shot, which laid his companion dead at his feet. Insensible to every thing except duty, he seized the dispatch, and continued his route till he sunk from the loss of blood. Unable to proceed further, and yet anxious for his charge, to which he knew death would be no security against the enemy, he

then

"Within his wound the fatal paper plac'd
Which prov'd his death, nor by that death disgrac'd.
A smile benignant on his count'nance shone,
Pleas'd that his secret had remain'd unknown;
So was he found."

A British patrol discovered him on the following day, before life was quite extinct; he pointed out to his comrade the dreadful depository he had chosen, and then satisfac-torily breathed his last. The Earl of Moira has erected a monument to the hero in the church of his native parish.

In 1780, Sir James Wallace, in the Experiment, of fifty guns, conducted a predatory warfare on the French coast. Having driv-en several large frigates into the Bay of Concalle in Normandy, until they had run close under cover of a battery, and his pilots not venturing to take further charge of his ship, he immediately took the management upon himself, boldly passed up the bay, and laid her ashore abreast of the battery, and compelled the French crews to abandon their ships, which were nediately boarded and brought away. Two other frigates, an armed cutter, and a number of small craft, were set on fire, or

otherwise destroyed.

The Poruguese, being besieged by a body of Indians in Brazil, one of them of the name of Rodriquez took a barrel of gunpowder in his arms, and called out to his companions, "Stand out of the way. carry my own death, and that of others." He then threw it in the middle of his enemies, with a match so lighted as to explode the moment he threw it down. It burst immediately, and blew to atoms more than a hundred Indians. It is most surprising that Rodriquez escaped unhurt, and continued to distinguish himself by similar ac-

tions of valor In the engagement between Sir Edward Hughes and M. de Suffrein in 1781, the Exeter was almost reduced to a complete wreck, having at times from three to five ships upon her. Commodore King, who commanded her, displayed the most unshaken fortitude and presence of mind. Toward the close of the action, as two of the enemy's ships were bearing down to attack the Exeter, already a wreck, the master asked the Commodore what he should do with

the ship. To which he bravely replied 'There is nothing to be done but to fight till she sinks.' At the siege of Quebec, Captain Ochterlony and Lieutenant Peyton, both of General Monckton's regiment, fell before the breastwork near the falls; the former wounded mortally-the latter severely in

the knee. Two savages pushed down upon them with the utmost precipitation, armed with their knives. They first seized on Captain Ochterlony, when Lieutenant Pey ton, who lay reclining on his fusee, discharged it, and the savage dropt immediately on the body of his intended prey. The other savage advanced with much eagerness to Lieutenant Peyton, who had scarcely time to disengage his bayonet, and conceal its disposition. With one arm he warded off the purposed blow, and with the other laid the assailant lifeless at his side. A straggling grenadier, who had happily escaped the slaughter of his companions, stumbled upon Captain Ochterlony, and readily offered him his services. The Captain, with the spirit and bravery of a true Briton, replied, "Friend, I thank you! but with respect to me, the musket, or scalpingknife, will only be a more speedy deliver-ance from pain. I have but a few minutes to live. Go; make hisste, and tender your service where there is a possibility it may be useful." At the same time he pointed to Lieutenant Peyton, who was then endeavoring to crawl away on the sand. The grenadier took Lieutenant Peyton on his back, and conveyed him to the boat, but not without each receiving a wound; Lieutenant Peyton in his back, and his rescuer near his shoulder.

In the wars of Helvetia against the House of Austria, the brave Uric Rothac of Ap penzel being surprised by twelve Austrians, fought alone against them, and killed five; the seven despairing of victory, set fire to the cabin, on the top of which he had post-



But the justice of France is ever tempered with mercy. Charles, Duke of Bourbon, Constable and Admiral of France, from this day, henceforth, never dare to set your foot within our court. Retire, my lord, and, in the solitude of your own es tate, reflect upon the narrow escape you

have had of losing your head. Begone P'Bourbon said not a word. He turned and left the room and the palace. The plot of his enemies had succeeded but too well. The Countess of St. Pol and De Vaudrey had been in league, together with the king himself, to entrap him from his post, and cast suspicion on him of treasonable designs against the queen's honor. The chain of circumstances might have been explained

but Bourbon was too proud to explain them. Instead of that, he left the country in disgust, and joined the great rival of Francis the Emperor Charles the Fifth. In after years he was the prime agent in effecting the famous defeat of his former king at the field of Pavia, and became the mo nowned General of his time. But the Con stabe de Bourbon never recovered from the blow dealt him by his secret foes working on the king's natural jealousy. He lived a miserable man, divorced from his country for no fault of his own, and died at the storming of Rome, the last words on his lips a request to hide his grave from the

sight of all men. Posterity has done justice to his memory

# Camp-Fire Yarns.

Dave Burton's First "Buckskins,

BY RALPH RINGWOOD

"I TELL you, fellers, them war high times we usen to hev in old Kaintuck. What wi' coon-huntin',corn-shuckin's, gander-pullin's, an' courtin' the gals, thar warn't no eend to Not sayin' that I doosen't huntin' Injuns better'n coons, er liftin' s skelp better'n pullin' at a gander's neck all soaped over, fur I doose; but them days I didn't know no better, an' thort thet killin' uv a b'ar was enuff to make a man outen a feller, an' put all the gals in the country crazy arter him.

'Lordy! What fools them 'ere female women do make outen us, ennyhow!"

Bourbon started slightly.
"What may happen?" he asked. "What marks was so abrupt, and uttered with so fix up yur linsey jacket, it looks—"

"Bout two mile an' a half from the settlement thar lived ole man Oliver, an' he hed a gal, Betsy. Betsy Oliver was her name, an' from one thing 'n' nother I'd kem to think a power uv her, an' I kinder thought thet she kem back at me all squar'.

Betsy war good-lookin', an' the ole man hed a good cl'arin' an' plenty uv stock onto it, so I warn't the on'y feller by a long shot

You young chaps knows how it allers ar' in them cases, each one thinkin' as he's the one, an' ev'ry feller ready to cut t'other one's weezin. The on'y one uv the lot thet I wur afeard

of—I means 'bout cuttin' in ahead wi' Betsy—was a tall, slab-sided feller wi' greasy ha'r, by the name uv Blair. Sumhow er other the cuss hed got him a cloth coat—a black 'un—an' I tell yur thet coat war a desprit weepin ag'in us fellers as on'y hed clay-bank homespun.

Well, thet's the way things stood when, one Monday mornin', word kem round the settlement the ole man Oliver war goin' to hev a corn-shuckin' ther follerin' Wednes Tuesday the peddler kem roun', an' I snaked ther buck-skins.

"Thet fetches things up to the p'int, an' now I'll go ahead 'bout them buck-skins, an' how they sarved me in my courtin' uv Bet "Sich a to-do mong the chaps in the set

tlement a gettin' ther riggin' reddy, er hunt-in' up new uns, an' tradin' fur this an' that, vur never see, an' eespecially 'mong them chaps as war in the race a'rter Betsy "Blair, he war all right wi' his black coat, an' so he walked roun' an' watched t'others scramblin'.

"Sez ther slick-headed cuss to me, sez he 'Dave, what ar' gwine ter w'ar down to ole Oliver's ?' es ef I hed twenty different suits fur to pick from. 'Close,' sez I, shorter'n corn dodger. 'I guess I'll w'ar my black cloth,' sez he. 'I reckin yer will, fur yur hain't nary a nuther one,' sez I, an' off he

"More'n a dozen times thet day I slipped off up sta'rs to look at my buck-skins, an' see thet the rats didn't git at 'em. Than warn't no airthly dainger uv 'em doin' it, but the fack ar' I warn't contented outen

'They all wondered at home what war the matter uv me, I war so restless, an' by em by, Sukey, she war my sister, sez:
"'Dave, ain't yur a-goin' down to Oli

by the squint uv her eye thet she war struck Thar war thet Blair 'longside uv her,

black coat an' all, but arter I kem in he might jess es well 'a' been on top uv the Rockies fur enny notice that Betsy took uv "It warn't long afore I hed run him off.

an' then I hed the purty creetur all to my-self, fur yur bet thet none uv them other fellers dar' kem anigh. "Luck war all on my side fur the fust part uv the night, an' I allers made it a rule, boyees, thet when luck war wi' me to push es strong es she'd b'ar.

"Betsy got a red ear uv corn, jess pulled off the top shuck, an' afore ennybody else hed seen it, kivered it up sly an' laid it "Then wur my time, an' I made a barg'in

thet, ef she'd give me' the kiss, I wouldn't tell, an' so she'd git off frum bein' smouched over by all them gawks. "'Afore yur goes home,' Betsy whispered, an' I war satisfied. "Well, the shuckin' kem to an eend, an then we all went over to the house fur the

for'ble 'bout the legs, but they looked fust-rate, an' I didn't mind thet. "In ther big room uv the house, the floor hed been cl'ared, an' in ther fire-place, which war big enuff ter roll in a ten-foot gum log, war a bu'stin' hot fire, fur, yur see, the nights war purty coolish. 'Uv course I danced the fust set wi'

Betsy, an' when thet war over, thinks I, I'll

"My new buck-skins felt kinder uncom-

dry my briches an' look on a bit. "An' I dried 'em, yes, siree, I dried them 'ere buck-skins, an' a nice dry I made uv it. "I took a stand right plum in front uv ther fire, wi' my back to it, an' thar I stood gazin' at Betsy, an' thinkin' thet everybody in the place war lookin' at me.

'An' they wur, too. Yes, they wur lookin' at me, an' what's more, they wur jess "By-'m-by I felt the fire gettin' a leetle ter hot fur me, an' my legs begin to feel

quare, so I moved out a bit.
"But, thet didn't help matters much. My legs keep feelin' quarer an' quarer, kind draw'd on tight like, but I never looked down, fur fear sum uv 'em would think I war tryin' ter draw 'tention to my riggin sides which I thought it war the steam

"By this time ev'rybody in ther room war gazin' at me an' larfin' fit to kill. But my dander war up now, so I stood wi' my bands behind my back gazin' back at 'em | ed himself, and basely destroyed him.

frum them wet buck-skins.